PEARSON'S STILL LEADS

PEARSON'S WEEKLY.

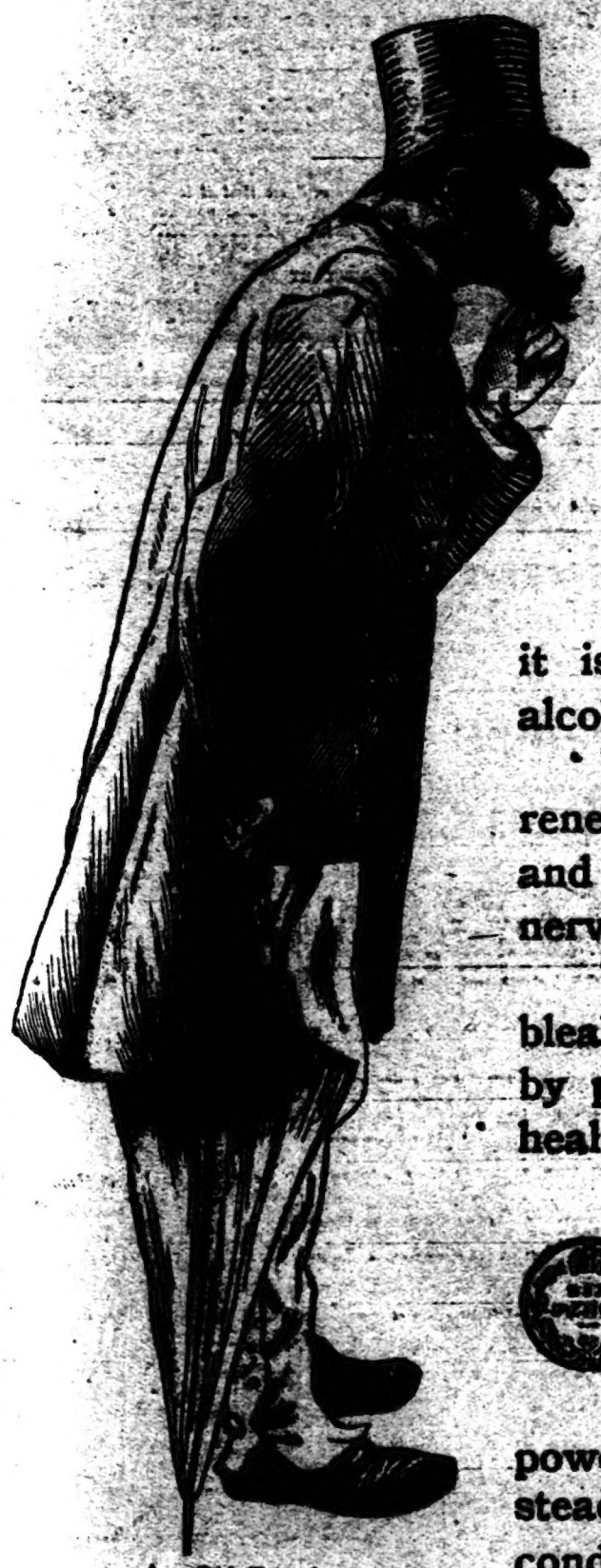
£1,000 Free Insurance.

Total Sum Awarded: £59,002.

Total Number Rewarded: 16,055.

No. 912. Postage One Penny. Registered for transmission to Canada. WEEK ENDING JANUARY 9, 1908. Entered at Stationers' Hall. [Price One Penny.

The Best is Always the Cheapest.



An Old Friend.

SOME REASONS WHY VI-COCOA RELIEVES EXHAUSTION AND CREATES ENERGY.

The best is always the cheapest in the end, and Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa is indeed both best and cheapest. Ordinary cocoas do not possess its great natural nutrient properties, and therefore are to it as water is to wine. As a regular family beverage, Vi-Cocoa is infinitely preferable to tea and coffee, which produce nervous irritation, and it is far and away superior to the brain-destroying alcohol.

Vi-Cocoa relieves exhaustion and creates energy by renewing the strength of the body. It promotes appetite and assists digestion, it enriches the blood, braces the nerves, and induces sleep.

There is no more nourishing Food-Beverage for the bleak winter months than Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa, which, by promoting the animal heat will keep the body in a healthy glow.

Vi-Cocoa—a packet of which can be obtained everywhere for the small sum of sixpence—is in a great measure self-digesting, and exceeds tenfold in nutrient and sustenant power any other food-beverage, and it will steadily build up your body to a healthy condition, if taken regularly night and morning.

There is Nothing to be Said

in excuse for the man or woman who neglects to try BEECHAM'S PILLS, They are a recognised medicine and are praised by users all over the world. Their name has become a household word: and the pills themselves a family medicine in both hemispheres. You are certainly working

Against

your own interest if you do not keep a box of BEECHAM'S PILLS in the house. For the cure of Biliousness, Indigestion, Acidity, Flatulence, Headache, Sickness—in fact all troubles connected with the Liver, Kidneys and Stomach—they are a safe and never-failing remedy. You can with perfect confidence, do as many thousands of others do, pin your faith to

BEECHAM'S PILLS.

Sold everywhere in boxes, price 1/1½ (56 pills) & 2/9 (168 pills).

YOUR BIRTHRIGHT IS HEALTH.

The Science in a Nutshell.

'Health is a man's birthright. It is as natural to be well as to be born. All pathological conditions, all diseases, and all tendencies to disease are the result of the transgression of physiologic and hygienic law. This is the science of health in a nutshell.'—DENSMORE.

Eno's Fruit Salt

IS NATURE'S ANTIDOTE FOR HUMAN ILLS arising from the neglect or violation of her laws.

'Our Acts, our angels are, for good or ill,
Our fatal shadows that walk by us still.'

'And such is life, so gliding on,
It glimmers like a meteor, and is gone.'

CAUTION.—*Examine the Capsule and see that it is marked ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT,' otherwise you have the sincerest form of flattery—IMITATION.*

PREPARED ONLY BY

J. C. ENO LTD., 'FRUIT SALT' WORKS, LONDON, S.E.,

By J. C. ENO'S Patent.

ROBINSON & CLEAVER Ltd., BELFAST

IRISH DAMASK TABLE AND HOUSE LINEN.

Fish Napkins, 2/11 per doz. Dinner Napkins, 5/6 per doz. Table Cloths, 2yd. square, 2/11; 2½ by 3yd., 5/11. Kitchen Table Cloths, 11½d. each. Irish Linen Pillow Cases, 1/0½ per doz. Linen Sheeting, 2 yds. wide, 1/11 per yard. Roller Towelling, 3d. per yard.

(SAMPLES AND PRICE LISTS POST FREE.)

Surplice Linen, 10½d. per yd. Dusters, from 3/3 per doz. Glass Cloths 3/11 per doz. Frilled Linen Pillow Cases from 1/4½ each. Fine Linens & Linen Diaper, 9½d. per yd.

N.B.—To Prevent Delay, all Letter Orders and Inquiries for Samples should be Sent to 38W Donegall Place Belfast.

EVERY MAN

SUFFERING from NERVOUS and PHYSICAL DEBILITY should send for a valuable Pamphlet explaining how all Nervous and Organic Derangements and Varicocele may be successfully treated without stomach medication. The method is easy and pleasant, and will effect a perfect and permanent cure. Sent in plain sealed envelope, post free.

E. B. NORTON.
59 and 60
CHANCERY LANE,
LONDON.

Over thirty years' continuous success.

KEATING'S

TINS 1/1½

LOZENGES

CURE THE WORST COUGH

—SANTELCO.—

The New Remedy, quicker and more effective than Santal Oil, Perles, Copaiba and other so-called cures. Post free 2/6 and 4/6 from Herbert's Remedy Co., Chemists, 9 Electric Parade, Holloway, London. *Mention this paper.*

A BOON TO LADIES

BLANCHARD'S PILLS

are especially compounded for ladies, and thousands of grateful letters have been received testifying to their efficacy. Recommended by eminent Physicians, and sold by all Chemists and Stores at 1/1½ a box, or post free from Leslie Martyn, Chemists, 34 Dalston Lane, London.

TIRED MEN

When you are tired of taking mysterious prescriptions and weary of wearing Electric Belts, write to me and I will send you a Book which shows how every man, young and old, may be Quickly and Thoroughly Cured of NERVOUSNESS, EXHAUSTION, VARICOCELE, and DEBILITY from any cause whatever, WITHOUT STOMACH MEDICINE or ELECTRICITY. Hundreds of cures. Book sent sealed, post free, for Two Stamps. Mention this paper.

A. J. LEIGH, 92 and 93 Great Russell St., LONDON, W.C. Over 20 years' successful results.

When writing to Advertisers *Please Mention* PEARSON'S WEEKLY.

HEADACHE Cured in Ten Minutes.

One Kaputine cures in ten minutes the most violent Headache or Neuralgia. We want to prove this safe and reliable medicine to every sufferer, and in order to do so will send you two free sample doses of Kaputine by return post. Write to C. H. KAPUTINE, Kaputine Works, Wakefield.

Kaputine is sold by Chemists and Stores Everywhere. Packets of 12 doses 1s. Samples, 1d.

FREE TO THE RUPTURED.

Simple Home Method that has Cured Hundreds Without Pain, Danger or Loss of Time from Work.

A TEST FREE TO ALL.

Rupture can be cured without operation, pain, danger, or loss of time. When we say cured, we do not mean to simply retain the rupture, but a cure that allows you to completely discard your truss.

To convince you and your ruptured friends that our Discovery actually cures, we want you to test it without expense to yourself. A cure means freedom from pain and suffering, a largely increased physical and mental vigour, a fuller enjoyment of life's blessings, and years of comfort and satisfaction added to the length of your life. We offer you a free sample of a treatment that has perfectly cured hundreds of cases.

Do not send any money. Give the description of your rupture as outlined in the coupon below and post it to us. Do not neglect this important matter a single day or continue to be tortured any longer by cheap ready-made trusses.

This offer is the fairest ever made and should be taken advantage of immediately by all rupture sufferers.

FREE TEST COUPON.

Answer the following questions, then cut out and post this coupon to Wm. S. RICE, R.S., Ltd. (S 458), 8 & 9 Stonecutter St., London, E.C.

Are you ruptured on the right side, left side or both sides? ....

Do you wear a truss? ....

Age............*years*
Time Ruptured? ....*years.*

Does the Rupture pain you? ....

Name ....

Address ....

....

MISCELLANEOUS ADVERTISEMENTS

are inserted under this heading at the rate of 2s. per line of 7 words or part thereof. Every Advertisement must be prepaid. All communications should be addressed to the Advertisement Manager, "Pearson's Weekly," 17 Henrietta Street, London, W.C. Advertisements must be received by Tuesday morning for the following week's issue.

OLD ARTIFICIAL TEETH BOUGHT: call or forward by post; full value per return, or offer made.—Messrs. Browning, Manufacturing Dentists, 63 Oxford St., Opp. Rathbone Place, London (Estab. 100 years.).

PHOTO POST-CARDS of yourself, 1/- dozen. Catalogue and Samples Free.—Hackett, July Road, Liverpool, E.

BLANCHARD'S PILLS of Apiol and Steel supersede pilocchia, bitter apple, pennyroyal, etc.; and thousands of grateful letters have been received testifying to their efficacy. Recommended by eminent physicians. 1/1½ per box, post free, from Leslie Martyn Ltd., Chemists, 34 Dalston Lane, London.

PRETTY POTTERY DIRECT FROM POTTERIES.—Single sets at Wholesale Prices. Tea Sets from 2/9, Dinner Sets from 9/6. Famous Guinea Package, 4 splendid sets, all decorated to match, 21/- complete.

Handsome services for presents. Art Catalogue free, everything factory prices. Testimonials and press recommendations earned by years of satisfactory direct trading.—Century Pottery Co., Dept. B (The Leading Pottery Mail Order Firm) Burslem, Staffs.

ASTROLOGY.—Reliable horoscope of character, marriage, and business.—Send birth date, 1/-, and stamped envelope to Mdme. Zetella, Cleadon, Sunderland. Your future given with above horoscope.

EXTRA POCKET MONEY.
We give most money for Gold Jewellery, Watches, Rings, Trinkets, Silver, Diamonds, Pearls, Emeralds, Antiques, and Curios.

WE ALSO BUY OLD FALSE TEETH.
Send them to us, and we will send you cash offer per return of post. If offer not accepted, goods immediately returned.

R. D. & J. B. FRASER, Ltd., Goldsmiths,
Desk No. 209, PRINCES STREET, IPSWICH.
(Established 75 years ago by late R. D. Fraser.)
References: Capital and Counties Bank.
Telephone: 36, Ipswich.

STYLISH SUIT LENGTHS, 10/6 to 22/-, or smart suits to measure, 29/6 to 31/-. Splendid value. Latest selection. Patterns free.—Groves & Lindley, Manufacturers, Dept. 5, Huddersfield.

BRITISH CALCULATORS instantly add £ s. d., price 62/-.—320 Belfast Rd., Stoke Newington.

POST-CARDS from photograph, 12 for 2/-.—Francis & Co., 29 s Ludgate Hill, E.C.

HAIR DESTROYED.—A lady who has been a lifelong sufferer from superfluous hair has recently learned of a means which permanently destroys the roots, and will send particulars free, on enclosing stamp to pay postage, to any afflicted.—Address, Helen L. W. Temple, 8 Blenheim St., Oxford St., London, W.

BABY'S NAME.—Do you want to know the best name to give your baby? If so, get "Names for Baby," a Dictionary of Christian Names with their meanings, post free for 1/2 from C. Arthur Pearson Ltd. (P.W. Dept.), 17 Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

STRENGTH: How Lost: How Regained.—Interesting and instructive remarks to young and middle-aged men on "How to Preserve Strength, Create Vitality, and Increase Nerve Stamina." A brief treatise on Nervous Exhaustion, Loss of Strength, Poverty of Nerve Force and Debility in Men.—Sent sealed on receipt of 4 penny stamps by Charles Gordon, 8 Gordonholme Dispensary, Bradford, Yorks.

PICTURE POST-CARDS.—Splendid selection. Samples and list, 2d.—Stevenson & Co., 45 Park Road, Forest Hill, S.E.

SPEECHES AND TOASTS.—You are sometimes asked to reply for the ladies, or propose a toast at your Club Supper, and are at a loss for words. Procure "Speeches for all Occasions," by an Oxford M.A. It will help you. Post free for 1/3 from C. Arthur Pearson Ltd. (P.W. Dept.), 17 Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

FREE.—Thirty assorted samples of the famous Rob Roy Pens, 2d., post free.—N. Hinks, Wells & Co., Birmingham.

METAL WORK.—Many useful and decorative articles may be made by the amateur worker in Iron, Brass, Zinc, Copper, etc., and the best book he could buy on the subject is "Metal Work," by George Day, F.R.M.S. It contains many beautiful designs and diagrams, and may be had post free for 1/2, from C. Arthur Pearson Ltd. (P.W. Dept.), 17 Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

STAFFORDSHIRE CROCKERY direct.—4 splendid sets, packed free and carriage paid, for 21/-. Catalogue free. Every kind of dainty pottery.—Teapot Manfg. Co. (K), Hanley, Staffs.

DON'T BUY CHINA UNTIL you have seen our new Illustrated Free Catalogue. Bargains never before equalled in the china trade. Tea Sets and Toilets, from 2/-; Dinner Sets, from 4/-. Bazaars a Speciality. Badged Ware for all purposes.—Royal Crown Pottery (Dept. 6), Tunstall, Staffs.

FIRST AID TO THE INJURED.—If you want to know the right thing to do in cases of accident or sudden illness, study "What to do in Emergencies," by Dr. Andrew Wilson. A thoroughly practical and reliable book. To be had on receipt of fourteen stamps, from C. Arthur Pearson Ltd. (P.W. Dept.), 17 Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

LADIES' High-class, Second-hand **CLOTHING.** Catalogue sent.—Madame Dupont, 98 Stoke Newington Road, London, N.

FOREIGN STAMPS FREE.—Two Octagonal Thessaly to collectors sending 1d. postage. Mention gift 342. "A.B.C." priced Catalogue for 1908, 750 pages, nearly 5,000 illustrations, 1/9; now ready.—Bright & Son, 164 Strand, W.C.

DUBLIN Mercantile Organization, Merchants' Quay. Inquiries, 9d.

CATARRH CURED.—If you suffer from CATARRH, CATARRHAL DEAFNESS, HAY FEVER, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS, or any affection of the air passages of the head, send 10/6 for our treatment, and if after 14 days' trial you are not satisfied, return it to us, when we will refund the 10/6 in full. Booklet free.—Corona Medicator Co. (Dept. 22), 128 High Holborn, London, W.C.

LADIES.—SAUTIER'S APIOL AND STEEL PILLS never fail. The numerous testimonials received testify to their merits. Price, 1/6 and 2/9; extra strong 4/6. Sample free.—Baldwin & Co., Chemists, Electric Parade, Holloway, London. Ladies' guide to health sent free.

MACGREGOR'S REAL SCOTCH WINCEY, the original and best. From 1/- per yard. White or coloured. Soft, dainty, durable, unshrinkable, better than flannel. Patterns post free.—Sole Agents, Greensmith & Downes, Edinburgh.

THE I.R.S. GOLDEN COMPOUND TABLETS are of priceless value to all ladies. They afford relief in every instance—frequently in a few hours. Coated with Gold, prepared with drugs worth their weight in gold, they are far superior to Bitter Apple, Steel, and Pennyroyal, &c., and all similar preparations. Prices post free in plain wrapper, 1/3; (treble quantity), 2/9. Direct only from the I.R.S. Co., Dept. W., 145 Stockwell Road, London.

LADIES should send 1d. stamp for Free Sample and valuable Booklet explaining all about BLANCHARD'S PILLS for LADIES, the most effective remedy ever compounded.—Leslie Martyn Ltd., Chemists, 34 Dalston Lane, London.

SLOAN-DUPLOYAN SHORTHAND saves a year's study, and produces highest speed. Interesting booklet free.—Sloan-Duployan Association, Ramsgate.

LADIES should send two stamps for Booklet, containing particulars of our famous Herbal Remedies.—Northern Remedy Co., Chemists, 181 Seven Sisters Road, Holloway, London.

FURS FOR DISPOSAL.—Rare bargain. Elegant 8 ft. long rich Sable Brown Russian Fur Stole or Throwover, handsomely trimmed with ten tails, heads, and large Granny Muff to match; sacrifice 14/9, worth £3. Approval willingly.—Lombard, 284 Brixton Road, Stockwell, London.

LADIES should send 1d. stamp for Free Sample of Powell's Popular Pellets for Ladies, the most effective remedy ever discovered.—W. P. Powell Remedy Co., Replingham Road, Wandsworth, London, S.W.

ASTROLOGY.—Life Horoscope of Character, Marriage and Business, Changes, etc., accurately foretold. Send birth date, 1/- P.O., stamped envelope.—Mdme. Vernon, Mount Florida, Glasgow.

SIXPENCE PER WEEK will purchase Ladies' Furs, Jackets, Costumes, Gent's Overcoats, Boots, Suits, Blankets, Phonographs, Watches, Marble Clocks, Sewing Machines, Musical Instruments, Rugs, Carpets, Linoleum, Cutlery, Plated Goods, China, Beds, Quilts, etc. 200 Bicycles, 55/- and 75/-. Send no deposit; list free.—Fredk. Geo. Potter, Dereham Road, Norwich.

TO AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHERS.—A capital handbook for the novice and also for the more advanced student is "How to Take and Fake Photographs," by Clive Holland. It contains all the information you require regarding the Dark Room, Cameras, Plates and Films, Exposure, Development of Negative, Printing, Mounting, etc. etc., and may be had post free for 1/2, from C. Arthur Pearson Ltd. (P.W. Dept.), 17 Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

Pearson's has now distributed £59,002 among 16,055 Limerick winners. This is the record—both in money and number of winners—for any paper in the world. Our success is due to the impartial and conscientious methods of judging adopted.

THIS WEEK'S AWARDS—

Total Amount Allocated:	Each Winning Line Receives:	Consolation Gifts Distributed:
£2,212.	**£110 12s.**	**£1,106.**

THIS week, like those preceding, finds our grand total forging ahead. We have now distributed **£59,002** since these limerick contests began, and the number of competitors rewarded is now **16,055.** These figures are the records for these competitions, and are thousands in advance of those of other papers.

The exact sum available for distribution this week is **£2,212.** Of this total **£1,106** is divided amongst the senders of the ten lines selected by Mr. Burgin and the Editor as the best and most original, so that the prize for each winning line is **£110 12s.** In addition, the sum of **£1,106** is distributed in consolation gifts amongst those competitors whose efforts show merit, but who do not receive one of our big prizes.

The unfinished verse was as follows:

A suffragette, pretty but vain,
Addressed a large crowd in the rain,
But ere she could reach
The end of her speech

The last lines selected by Mr. G. B. Burgin and the Editor, together with the names and addresses of the senders, are as follows:

Someone "moved"—the best thanks—to the rain.
W. JACKSON, 122 North Street, Belfast.

Bore a yolk, prehistoric again.
MISS B. FLYNN, Shepherdswell, near Dover.

Well, "blue stockings" soon run in the rain!
W. A. HALLIDAY, Bridge Street, Downham Market, Norfolk

'Twas an "overflow" meeting, that's plain.

Prize divided by:
W. TURVER, 9 Brookfield Rd., Crumpsall, M'chester; and
H. MCGOVERNE, 62 College Road, Norwich.

The "cold water cure" scored again.
H. C. HAWKINS, Turner's Hill, Crawley, Sussex.

Had to dodge things again and again.
MRS. P. DAVIES, 27 Grove Terrace, Squire's Lane, Finchley, N.

It was "Town versus Gown" once again.
F. BATES, 11 Lower Market Street, Hove, Sussex.

"'Pair' with me in the 'House,'" cried a swain.
H. EWERS, 59 Morningside Road, Edinburgh.

Cried, "Weather-beaten or not, I'll remain."
MRS. B GOWENLOCK, Bondgate Within, Alnwick, Northumberland.

'Twas "shutting up" time, that was plain.

Prize divided by:
MISS J. HENSHAW, Holmhyrst, Swadlincote; and
MRS. M. OGDEN, 160 Alexandra Rd., Mutley, Plymouth.

THE attempts in this week's competition have been distinctly above the average, and the ten winning lines are perhaps the best set we have yet published. One or two of them deserve special comment. "Bore a 'yolk,' prehistoric again," in its clever reference to the "yoke" which some people think women wear and the prehistoric or ancient yolk of an egg, shows a happy combination of ideas which it would be difficult to beat. Again, "It was 'town versus gown' once again" will be fully appreciated by those who read their morning papers intelligently, and have observed the frequent references recently to the differences of opinion between the town people and the students at our Universities.

An equally clever and well finished line is "'Pair' with me in the 'House,' cried a swain," which introduces an especially happy reference to the custom of members pairing in the House of Commons.

It is extremely interesting, and at the same time extremely gratifying, to observe that the standard of ingenuity and ability displayed by competitors should be steadily rising every week.

"No vain superstitions I dread."

THIS WEEK'S CONTEST

Below you will find the first four lines of this week's limerick. We leave you to fill in the last line to the best of your ability. When you have done this, fill in your name and address in the space provided, cut out the entry form, attach to it a **postal order for sixpence**, and place it in an envelope addressed to the EDITOR, *Pearson's Weekly*, Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

☞ Mark your envelope "Ladder" in the top left-hand corner. All attempts must arrive on or before Thursday, January 9th.

Everyone who enters must compete on the form below, and send a postal order for 6d. with it. The P.O. should be made payable to C. Arthur Pearson Ltd., and should be crossed "& Co.," and the number should be written in the space provided below. Where one P.O. is sent to cover more than one attempt the number of this P.O. should be written on each entry form. All attempts must be forwarded on the printed entry forms or they will be disqualified.

Of the amount received (after deducting ten per cent.) one-half will be divided amongst the senders of the ten lines which are considered to be the best by the adjudicators, by whom originality of idea will be taken into consideration. If there are more senders than one of a line thus selected by the adjudicators, the prize awarded to such a line will be divided equally amongst all competitors who send in that line.

Claims in respect of identical lines in Competition No. 33 must be made on or before Tuesday, January 28th.

The remaining one-half will be awarded in consolation gifts amongst those competitors whose efforts show merit.

The ten winning attempts will be selected by

Mr. G. B. BURGIN and the EDITOR of "P.W.,"

who will be assisted by a committee of competent judges.

The Editor will accept no responsibility in regard to the loss or non-delivery of any attempt submitted.

No correspondence will be entered into in connection with the competition, and telegrams will be ignored.

ENTRY FORM **LIMERICK No. 33.**

A well-dressed young fellow once said,
"No vain superstitions I dread."
So he once made his way
'Neath a ladder one day

_____

_____

I agree to abide by the decision published in "Pearson's Weekly" and to accept it as final, and I enter only on this understanding, and I agree to abide by the conditions printed above.

Name .....

Address .....

.....

.....

No. of P.O. .....

LIST OF 1,016 RECIPIENTS OF CONSOLATION GIFTS.

To publish the full name and address of each competitor would occupy too much space. We therefore print only the name and initials of each person, together with the name of the town. Should any reader wish to know the full address of any one winner, this will be sent on receipt of a halfpenny stamp.

10 AT £10 EACH.

BALKWILL, A. J. C., care of Stagg and Robson Ltd., Selby.
CLARK, A., 85 Alexandra Rd., Wellingborough.
FALCONER, J., 30 Earl Grey St., Edinburgh.
HARVEY, E. C. F., 128 North End, Croydon.
MESTWERDT, A. C., 122 Brixton Hill, S.W.
PYKE, R. D., 165 London Rd., Kingston-on-Thames.
SMITH, Miss S., New Inn, Yealand Conyers Carnforth.
SPARKS, Mrs., 30 Bishop Rd., Horfield, Bristol.
STONE, Mrs., Beresford, Eastbourne.
WARNOCK, Miss, 2 Marsham St., Maidstone.

1,006 AT £1 EACH.

A

Abel, W. M., Chingford.
Abbott, A., Luton.
Abraham, M., Prescot.
Agnew, Miss E., Knock, B'fast.
Airey, Mrs., King's Lynn.
Alcock, J., Stoke-on Trent.
Allan, Rev. G., Stowmarket.
Allen, A., Sheffield.
Allen, E., Pendleton, M'ter.
Allen, J. W., Barnsbury.
Anderson, O. R., Wimbledon.
Anderson, J., Eltham Park.
Anderson, J. C., Giffnock, Gl'w.
Anderson, J., Murrayfield, Edin.
Anderson, J., E. Caus'y, Edin.
Anderson, Mrs., Curragh, Ire.
Andrews, A., Batley.
Andrews, H., Sudbury.
Arnold, Miss, Leven-lalme, M'ter
Ansell, A. J., Selhull, B'ham.
Arthur, T., Leeds.
Ashton, Mrs., Clarence Gate, N.W.
Astbury, R., Rock Ferry, Ches.
Atkins, W. R., Swallow Nest.
Atwill, W., Dalston, N.E.
Austin, J. R., Coventry.
Ayden, A., Beckenham, Kent.

B

Baker, E., Twyford, Berks.
Baker, E. F., Colchester.
Baker, Rev. G., Gloucester.
Ball, J., Milford St., Derby.
Barks, P., Limerick.
Barden, J., Tunbridge Wells.
Barker, C., Stockton-on-Tees.
Barlow, Gr., Sheerness.
Barnet, L., Green Lanes, N.
Barrett, J. B., Little Sheford.
Barry, C. E., Bockley, S.E.
Bartley, Miss E., Baker St., W.
Basten, W., Portslade, Sussex.
Bateman, J., Chalfont St. Peters.
Bates, Miss C. M., Lavender Hill.
Baxter, G., Skipton, Yorks.
Bean, A. J., Appledore, Kent.
Beard, E. C., Greystones, Ire.
Beaumont, D., Muswell Hill.
Bee, A. E., Middlewich, Ches.
Bell, H., Bridgwater, Som.
Bell, R. H., Moseley, B'ham.
Bennett, J. W., Kensington.
Bennett, W., Rowley, B'ham.
Benson, P. L., Steeple Claydon.
Bertram, Miss J., Worksop.
Best, G. A., Cannon St., E.C.
Betteridge, T., Sutton Coldfield.
Betts, V., Hanwell, Middlesex.
Bickie, J. A., Glasgow.
Billings, Mrs., West Norwood.
Bint, G., St. Paul's Sq., B'ham
Birch, J. H., Wigan, Lancs.
Birchenough, W. H., Ashton u. L.
Bishop, Miss N., Hungerford.
Biss, G. F., Cudworth, Surrey.
Black, Miss A., Kingstown, Dub.
Black, G., Letchworth.
Black, L., Maida Vale, W.
Black, Miss M., Hillhead, Glas.
Blackburn, J., Wakefield, Yorks.
Blackmore, A. H., Bristol.
Bloom, Miss V., Wimbledon Pk.
Bosanko W., G.W.Ry, Bristol.
Bostock, S. E., Edmonton.
Bourchier, W., Harwell, Berks.
Bower, H., Edinburgh.
Bowerman, J., Temple Av., E.C.
Bowers, F., Forest Gate.
Bowton, J. W., Newcastle-on-Ty.
Box, H. E., Portishead, Som.
Boyd, C., Queen Victoria St.
Brading, W. J., Portsmouth.
Brady, C., Sydenham.
Braig, Mrs., Seaforth, Liverpool.
Broeton, A. J., Regent St., W.
Bierton, Mrs., Forest Hill.
Brett, J. W., Sheffield.
Bridge, T. H., Manchester.
Bridges, O., Kettering.
Bright, W., Stoke on Trent.
Bristow, J. W., King's Heath.
Bromley, Mrs., Muswell Hill.
Brooks, J., Sefton Ave., Crewe.
Brooks, W., Clapham Junc.
Brown, Mrs., Burton-on-Trent.
Brown, F. T., Milford Haven.
Brown, G. M., Fulham.
Brown, H., Newcastle-on-Tyne.

(Continued on page 3 of cover.)

THE CAMDEN TOWN SENSATION.

For many a long year the Editor of *Pearson's Weekly* has been a personal friend of Mr. Hall Caine, and knowing that Mr. Hall Caine had attended this murder trial throughout its important stages, he suggested that he should write the story of it from the novelist's, the dramatist's, and the student of human nature's point of view.

The following correspondence will explain why the article that Mr. Hall Caine anticipated he would write does not appear in this number. In the face of Mr. Hall Caine's last letter, it is impossible for the Editor to bring any pressure to bear to override his judgment.

* * *

December 20th, 1907.

My Dear Sir,

I have carefully considered your proposal that I should write a description of the Camden Town Murder Trial, and I have come to the conclusion that, for many reasons, I should prefer not to do so; but, inasmuch as I consented to your proposal yesterday and have changed my mind to-day, while you in the meantime have committed yourself to certain public announcements of the article expected from me, I propose to you that I should do something else, if possible, that will be of more value to the public and of more interest to me.

The acquittal of Robert Wood leaves the Camden Town murder in the position of being one more mystery added to the countless others with which the criminal annals are charged. The victim belongs to a class which has always moved me to the deepest sympathy, a class that has been the especial object of my attention during the present year. Therefore, in the hope that I may be able to awaken the conscience of the public as to the perils of the lives of the poor women of the underworld, and the immeasurable pathos of their position, I suggest that I should try to reconstruct the crime as I think it must have been committed.

Furthermore, to liberate my own mind from the smallest uncertainty as to the motive that prompts me to write the article in question, I will ask you to undertake that the generous honorarium which you offer me shall be paid *at my direction* to one of the organisations established for the rescue of women belonging to the class of the murdered girl, and that you will make public acknowledgment of the receipt of the money by the officers of that organisation, in order that the public also may know that the last thing present to my mind is the desire to make any capital for myself out of so grim and terrible a tragedy.

Will you please acknowledge this letter and express your willingness to agree to the terms of it before I attempt to write the article.—Yours very truly,

Hall Caine.

* * *

Pearson's Weekly Office,
Dec. 21, 1907.

My Dear Hall Caine,

Your letter of yesterday's date is a very fair arrangement, and clearly sets out the facts as we discussed them.

I agree to the terms of your letter. You understand, of course, that I must have copy to-day or to-morrow. We go to press on Monday, and I should wish you to pass proofs.—Sincerely yours,

The Editor, *Pearson's Weekly*.

* * *

Whitehall Court, S.W.,
December 23rd, 1907.

My Dear Sir,

It is impossible! I have written the article, and now I cannot be sure that it would be right to publish it. At this moment I really do not feel that such an article will do good. I am even afraid it might do some harm.

I thought perhaps I could write something which would awaken the conscience of the public to a sense of its responsibility for one of the most terrible of the hidden sides of life, and to this end I attempted to describe the character of the girl Emily Dimmock, to picture her daily existence, and perhaps to reconstruct (as far as seemed possible within the limits of available language) the circumstances of her fearful death, and to indicate the motive and the movements of her murderer.

I took some pains to do this by visiting the home of the poor creature, by talking with people who knew her, and by tracing every step which I think may have been taken by the man who committed the crime.

But now that the results are before me I cannot be sure that so gruesome a story will be for the public good. It was written at the impulse of an honest intention, but it might have a painful and even a bad effect.

And inasmuch as I have never yet allowed myself to publish anything that was not, in my own view, of wholesome influence, I will ask you to permit me to keep back this article.

I would rather waste the work of many days and break faith with the public than send you something of which I cannot myself be sure.

With many apologies,
Yours very truly,
Hall Caine.

STEEL COACHES FOR NERVOUS MONARCHS.

The huge state coach in which the King will ride to open Parliament weighs four tons. It would have weighed nearly six if certain high officials had had their way at the Coronation.

They wanted to line the vehicle with plate armour, as a precaution against possible bomb-throwers. But His Majesty objected. Hence, it happens that the only difference in this direction between it and any ordinary coach is that it is provided with steel shutters, which, though invisible to the ordinary observer, can be instantaneously raised to mask the windows when desirable.

Other monarchs, however, are not so indifferent to danger in this respect. King Alfonso, for instance, had all his state and private carriages armour-plated immediately after his attempted assassination in Paris in 1905. To this he owes his life, as does also Queen Ena. The bomb thrown by the anarchist, Morral, on the occasion of their wedding at Madrid exploded immediately beneath the coach in which they were seated. But its steel plates withstood the concussion, and the young couple were uninjured, although the horses were blown to pieces, together with no fewer than twenty-three innocent bystanders.

In this respect Alfonso was luckier than was the Tsar Alexander of Russia, who first invented this style of vehicle. On March 13th, 1881, he was driving in St. Petersburg in a sledge lined throughout with three-quarter-inch steel plates, when a bomb was thrown by a Nihilist. The explosion that followed was terrific. But the Tsar was unhurt, and, thinking the danger was over, he leapt from the vehicle, only to be instantly slain by another bomb, thrown by a second Nihilist, who himself was also killed by the same explosion.

Miss Sweete (archly): "None but the brave, Mr. Sharpe, deserve the fair."

Mr. Sharpe (viciously): "None but the brave dare live with them."

"Out of a job, eh?" asked the minister.

"Yes. The guv'nor said he was losin' money on what I was makin'."

"That's so? What were you making?"

"Mistakes."

UNLUCKY ARMADAS.

If the teachings of history count for anything, America is acting unwisely in dispatching an armada to the Pacific in order to cow Japan.

Experience has shown that these huge, unwieldy agglomerations of warships fight badly when cut off from their base, and almost invariably come to grief.

Russia discovered this two years ago, when Admiral Rodjestvensky's mighty armada steamed slowly and laboriously half way round the world, in order to meet annihilation at the hands of Togo's clean-bottomed battleships.

Spain's armada, designed for the conquest of England in Good Queen Bess's time, met with a similar fate, as everybody knows, even the very elements appearing to fight against it. Japan, too, has had an armada come to grief. It happened in the days of Gingu Kogo, a warrior queen of Elizabeth's type. Of 1,200 ships, assembled by her for the conquest of Corea, less than 100 escaped; while the lives lost included thirteen admirals, 3,000 officers of lesser rank, and 70,000 sailors and soldiers.

Of Admiral Cervera's armada, which sailed from Cape Verde early in 1899 in order to try to turn the tide of battle in the Spanish-American war, no single ship escaped. And a like fate befell the armada which the Sultan Mahmud collected at Navarino in 1827 for the invasion and subjugation of Greece.

Finally, there is the case of the very earliest armada of which history has any record; namely, the one that Xerxes got together in order to clear the way for his army of Asiatic barbarians—one million strong—to burst in upon and ravage Europe. It consisted of 1,200 large warships. Yet the Greek admiral, Themistocles, was able to scatter it to the four winds of the heavens with his tiny fleet of 371 galleys, and with a loss to himself of less than sixty men killed and wounded.

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From Man-o'-war's-man to Matchseller.

[Poor old chap! He served his country in the days of his lusty manhood, but now, aged seventy-four, he earns a wretched subsistence by selling matches. George Goddard is his name, Piccadilly Circus and its environs his "pitch," and he is readily to be recognised by the medal with which no amount of privation has ever induced him to part.]

It is a good thing for some of us that we cannot see our lives mapped out beforehand. For if we knew what we should have to go through, a good many of us, I reckon, would funk the job.

Take my own life, for instance. What has it been? For the most part a long tale of misfortune, hardships, and struggling.

But here is an outline of my life.

I joined the Royal Navy as a boy, serving first on the guardship *Perseus*, whence I was drafted to the *Victory* at Portsmouth.

Life there was anything but exciting, especially to a lad with his head full of adventures, and so I was glad next to find myself fairly at sea on board the 92-gun man-of-war the *Prince Regent*. My first trip was to Malta, and I well remember the news of Queen Adelaide's death coming whilst we lay in Malta Harbour.

I remained on the *Prince Regent* for about two years, and then joined the *Rattler*, an 11-gun screw corvette. And now my thirst for adventure was fully slaked, for I saw a lot of warm work on this daring little boat. I served in the Burmese War of 1852, took part in most of the fighting, and was one of the column that entered the capital.

THRILLING PIRATE CHASES.

After this we were engaged in putting down piracy in the China Seas, and I saw many exciting scenes and found myself in many a hot corner, I can tell you. But I enjoyed it all, and was never so happy as when in the thick of the fray, and, moreover, for my share in the fun of capturing Chinese dhows, as they are called, I got £20 prize-money.

After knocking about for a few years, I left the Navy. Why? you may ask. Well, to tell you the truth, sailors were not then wrapped up in cotton-wool as they are now, and life in the Navy, at least for the men, was very different from what it is now.

The food was awful, the work cruel, and the officers were not infrequently tyrannous in their ways. Over and over again I have been on deck for eighteen hours out of the twenty-four. Now, to stand that sort of life one needed the constitution of a steam-roller, which I hadn't. Anyway, my health completely broke down, and I came home.

But I couldn't let the sea alone, and as soon as I had picked up a bit I joined the Merchant Service and made two or three voyages; but again my health gave way, and I had to quit the sea for ever.

Sailors, as is pretty well known, are very fond of riding and driving, probably because they get so precious few chances of doing either, and so, having saved a bit of money, and thinking a cabman's life would be just the mark for me, I bought a cab and a couple of horses, and started business.

KICKED THE CAB TO PIECES.

Unfortunately, however, one of my nags was a vicious brute, and one day he kicked the cab into small bits. This sickened me of cab-driving, so I sold out at a heavy loss, and bought a tobacconist's business in the Blackfriars Road.

But, somehow—it certainly was not through want of trying on my part—it never flourished, and I only got out of it with the loss of pretty well every penny I had in the world. Then I started a fruit-barrow; but that, too, went wrong, and after trying various other lines I came down by degrees to selling matches, where, I fancy, I shall remain until the end.

But that can't be very far off unless by any chance I get more under my waistcoat than I have had of late. You can't live in much style on 7s. a week, which is about all I get, and out of this I have to keep my wife and pay 2s. 6d. rent.

It is a long time since my teeth had enough to do, and they have nearly all fallen out through want of occupation. However, I am not so badly off in this respect as a chap I once knew who had only two teeth, and they weren't opposite each other.

Why don't I apply to the parish for relief? Because they won't do anything for us unless we go into the "house," and that, please God, we shall never do.

Once I thought we should have to; we were so hungry, and then a sort of miracle happened. A lady in the street gave me half-a-sovereign, because she said, my face reminded her of a dead and very dear friend. So, on this occasion, at all events, my face was my fortune.

Aye, it's a bit hard when you have been a fighting-man, to live in a state of abject fear of what the next day may bring forth.

But I dare say things will come all right, and we'll live to cheat the workhouse yet.

"The Ghost Kings," told with all of Rider Haggard's skill and force, in the January PEARSON'S pursues its thrilling course.

THERE had been a heavy fall of snow in the night. The huge old trees that lined the road in which Chorley resided were white with it, and it was evident that steps would have to be taken to clear some of it away from the footpath. Indeed, if Chorley had had any doubt on that point, the situation would have been made quite clear by a piece of blue paper that he found beside the morning letters on the breakfast table.

"What's the blue paper about, Henry?" asked Mrs. Chorley as she poured out the coffee.

"Oh, it's merely a little hint from the parish people that if the snow in front of the house isn't cleared away by ten o'clock, I'm to be fined or imprisoned, or hung or shot, or something of that sort," said Chorley, endeavouring to be sarcastic at the expense of the local authorities.

"Well, there's a man clearing Mr. Wimbleby's piece now," said Mrs. Chorley. "He could do ours as well, perhaps."

Chorley went out to see the man accordingly, but he had hardly spoken two words before Wimbleby came bouncing out.

"Look here, Chorley," he said in a surly tone, "this man's working for me, and I don't want his time wasted. I want to see this front properly swept before I start for the City."

"Good morning, Mr. Wimbleby," replied Chorley with a pleasant smile. "I noticed that the man was working for you, but I was going to ask him to sweep up my place after he'd finished here."

"Well, he can't do it," replied Wimbleby, who had evidently made up his mind to be very aggressive that morning; "I've got four more jobs for him with friends of mine, and if he takes yours on he'll lose the lot, that's all."

The sweeper looked at Chorley helplessly, but Chorley merely smiled and went indoors again. After all, he reflected, sweeping away snow isn't bad fun, and as it had got to be done, anyway, he concluded he might as well take up the task as cheerfully as possible. A moment or so later, he was out on the footpath with a shovel and a broom, working with an energy that sent a cold shiver down the hired sweeper's back.

After Chorley had been sweeping for some minutes a couple of boys came along and looked wistfully at the heap of snow that was piled up on the edge of the footpath. Finally, one of them stooped down and commenced to make a large, nubbly snowball. The other boy, as a prudent measure of self-defence, went a yard or two away and did the same.

At that moment Chorley looked up.

"Now, you boys," he said, "clear off. You can't play snowballs here."

One of the boys worked his way skilfully round till he was satisfied that he had got Chorley between himself and the opposition. Then he said, by way of explaining the situation, as he pointed to the other boy:

"I ain't playin' snowballs, guv'nor. But 'e's goin' to throw one at me, and if 'e does 'e'll get one back."

"Well, go farther down the road and settle the question," said Chorley. "There's plenty of——"

Chorley's remark was cut short by the "sug" of a large-sized snowball, which caught him on the back of the head, and burst with depressing generosity all over him. The boy behind had begun the attack without hesitation, and the boy in front replied with equal promptitude. The second ball caught Chorley on the neck-tie, and completed the disaster. He realised at once that the boys had never intended to snowball each other, but that they had had designs on him from the first.

The professional sweeper gave a chuckle, and then he put his broom down for a moment, and said in a tone that proclaimed him a good sportsman:

"Two on to one ain't fair, guv'nor, is it? I'll 'elp yer." And as he spoke he made three or four snowballs with the rapidity of an expert.

"All right," replied Chorley, grasping the spirit of the thing, and realising that, after all, it is no great crime for a boy to throw a snowball at a middle-aged man. "I'll pepper this one, and you go for that one."

"Two to one ain't fair, guv'nor. I'll help yer," said the sweeper.

Chorley was not exactly a practised hand at snowball-making, and the first one he threw burst into fragments as it left his hand. By this time the boys, gratified by the condescension of Chorley in following up the attack, entered into the game joyously. Inside of two or three minutes Wimbleby's fence was covered with broken snowballs that had stuck where they fell.

Then the professional sweeper, carried away by the excitement of the sport, chased the boys a little way down the road; while Chorley, finding himself the chief target, took cover for an instant behind the large elm tree that stood at the edge of the road between his house and Wimbleby's. As he fell against the tree in his hurry, he dislodged a huge mass of snow, which thundered down on the newly swept pathway in front of Wimbleby's house.

The boys having been chased out of sight, Chorley came back to his snow-clearing work. Hearing Wimbleby's street door open, he applied himself vigorously to his task, feeling that he had not only been guilty of frivolity himself, but had encouraged Wimbleby's hired man in a similar course. Wimbleby came out of his house dressed for the City, with his top-hat on and umbrella in his hand, and as Chorley looked at him out of the corners of his eyes, he began to wish that the boys would come back again with their snowballs. He felt it would have been worth sixpence to him to see what sort of a target they could make of Wimbleby's shiny hat.

"Look here, Chorley," said Wimbleby in an angry tone; "where's my man?"

Chorley looked up at Wimbleby, and then peeped behind the tree and over the hedge of Wimbleby's garden. "Dear, dear," he said, "I didn't know you expected me to watch him, Mr. Wimbleby. If you'd only said so before——"

The snow came down with a thud on Wimbleby's nice shiny hat.

"And look here, Chorley," said Wimbleby, pointing to the heap of snow that had fallen from the tree, "you've been throwing snow on my ground after my man's swept it. Yes, you have!"

"Oh, *that*," said Chorley, looking at the heap referred to. "That fell down from the tree."

"Rubbish!" snapped Wimbleby. "You put it there. I came out expecting to see the job finished. I'm in a hurry to get to town." As he spoke he looked down the road and added:

"Why, hang it; there's my man playing snowballs down the road."

"Oh, that's my fault," explained Chorley, who felt his responsibility. "The boys came throwing snowballs at me, and your man very kindly interfered and drove them away."

"I'm not paying him for that," snapped Wimbleby.

"Oh, I wouldn't expect you to do so," said Chorley blandly. "I'll see that he doesn't lose over it."

"And look at the state my fence is in," said Wimbleby. "Who did that?"

"Those boys down the road," said Chorley. "They're not far off. Why don't you go and speak to them about it? I'm really very busy just now myself."

At this moment the professional sweeper came back. He had been so much encouraged by Chorley's friendly attitude, that it never occurred to him that Wimbleby would look upon his absence with an unsympathetic eye.

"Oh, there you are, guv'nor," he said with a cheerful smile as Wimbleby advanced towards him. "I caught the fat one a beauty right on the ear. Never enjoyed myself so much in——"

"That'll do," snapped Wimbleby. "I'm paying you for sweeping here, and not for playing snowballs with a pack of boys."

"Oh, quite so, guv'nor," agreed the man. Then he added, as he looked on the ground: "I swep' this clean once. Where's all this fresh lot come from."

"This person," said Wimbleby, indicating Chorley with a jerk of his head, "wants to tell me that it fell from this tree here."

"Oh, that's very likely," said the sweeper. "It's fallin' all down the road. I shouldn't be surprised if some more didn't drop soon."

"Nonsense," said Wimbleby, angrily. "I'm not going to believe——"

Crash!

A chunk of snow, about a yard square, fell as Wimbleby spoke. It came down with a thud on his nice shiny hat, knocking it over his eyes, and spreading itself over his clothes till he looked for the moment like a snow man. Wimbleby gave a yell, and snatched his hat off, and looked first at Chorley and then at the hired sweeper, as if he were in doubt as to which of them was to be held responsible for the disaster.

Chorley, however, did not wait for the accusation. He just had time to see Wimbleby clap his hand to his back with a wriggle, in an effort to stop the melting snow from travelling all down his spine, and then he remembered that it is wrong to laugh at a fellow creature's distress, and he bolted into his house to give free rein to his mirth.

When he came out again, the snow-sweeper told him that the guv'nor must have been soaked through, and would have to lose the first train to the City, anyhow. And Chorley felt so happy that he gave the sweeper a shilling, and told him that he had as good as earned it.

(Another Chorley adventure next week.)

The first snowball hit Chorley on the back of the head, and the second caught him in the neck-tie.

It takes six coppers to take a suffragette to gaol, but only four coppers to buy the NOVEL MAGAZINE.

"BLURRED LIGHTS."—NO. XII.

The Frauds of the Strand Banking Co.

By DICK DONOVAN.

THE sin of the Strand Banking Company was no ordinary one.

Indeed, its enormity placed it in the very front rank of crimes of fraud, and yet the criminals were men of high standing. They were all educated, and up to the time of the discovery of the frauds had moved in high circles, and were regarded as gentlemen of unblemished honour.

They were Robert Makin Bates, William Strahan, and Sir John Dean Paul. It was a private bank, second only in importance to the renowned Child & Co.

Originally it had been known as Snow and Walton's Bank, and in the first instance at the time of the Commonwealth had carried on a pawnbroking business. But when Charles II. seized the moneys of banks and pawnbrokers, Snow and Walton had to suspend payment. That was in the year 1679.

Subsequently the bank was reconstituted, and the father of Paul was the principal partner.

GAMBLING PURE AND SIMPLE.

This gentleman was assumed to be a wealthy man, for, independent of his banking business, he had a landed property in Yorkshire, for which he had paid the large sum of 330,000 guineas. At his death his son succeeded him in the bank, and so high was the esteem in which Sir John Dean Paul was then held that he was elected to many offices of great trust and responsibility. He bore a character, too, for piety, and was the treasurer or trustee in many cases of Church societies.

Strahan, his partner, was also an influential man, and had inherited a private fortune of £200,000.

Bates had for many years been the confidential managing clerk, and in 1841, when one of the then partners, a Mr. Robert Snow, retired, Bates took his place.

In addition to the bank the partners carried on a naval agency under the name of Halford and Co., and had offices in Norfolk Street, Strand. They were all men of business, who had been thoroughly trained in commercial life. And they inspired all with whom they had to deal with the greatest confidence.

Sir John and Bates were also shareholders and directors in several companies, and, as was subsequently to be disclosed, they had saddled themselves with two disastrous undertakings. One was the Mostyn Collieries, an unprofitable business, with debts amounting to something like £140,000 and practically no assets. The second was their association with a well-known firm of contractors, J. H. and E. F. Gandell, who were engaged in enormous operations for constructing railways in Italy and France, and for draining a French lake, called Lake Capestang. They allowed the Gandells to become debtors to them to the enormous extent of nearly £400,000.

It will thus be seen that their responsibilities were very heavy, and had all gone well they stood to reap enormous fortunes. But it was gambling pure and simple, and their greed led to their undoing. When they no longer had any money of their own to gamble with, they used that of their unfortunate clients, thereby spreading ruin and misery among thousands.

It followed as a matter of course that the unfortunate bank became insolvent, and then these desperate gamblers did as most men do who find themselves in their position—they tried to carry on their schemes by robbing Peter to pay Paul. They were always hoping that luck would turn in their favour, and, apparently indifferent to the ruin and misery which must necessarily fall upon those who trusted them, they plunged recklessly right and left.

It is a pitiable story, and, like all such stories of human weakness, it carries with it a great moral.

GUILTY OF EMBEZZLEMENT.

At the end of the year 1851 their bank was hopelessly insolvent, and there was a deficiency of something like £72,000. They then began to traffic with the securities deposited with them, and on money thus borrowed there was heavy interest to pay. So matters went on for a time, but there was no improvement. The hoped-for turn of luck did not come. The tide had receded, as a matter of fact, and was never more to rise.

Then they tried to save the situation by selling the securities out and out, and were thus guilty of the serious crime of embezzlement. It seems now a curious thing that, notwithstanding these questionable proceedings, their stability as bankers was not questioned.

At this time Sir John was residing at a place called Nutfield, near Reigate, with his family. Here he kept up a large establishment, and was exceedingly popular in the neighbourhood. Had anyone ventured to breathe a word against Sir John's probity it would have gone hard with him, for the banker was a staunch Churchman, a liberal supporter of local charities, and had earned a reputation for philanthropy. Yet, knowing, as he did, that he was living over a volcano that at any moment might explode, his state of mind may be imagined.

A peculiarity was that he seems to have lived in a plain, unaffected, and homely style, and was not given to the extravagances and ostentatious displays common to men of his class. Strahan, who was only forty-seven years of age, was a man of somewhat different type. He had been well brought up, well educated, and succeeded to a large fortune, and a point in his favour was that he put £180,000 of his own money into the concern, every penny piece of which was lost; but the gambling spirit must have been strong within him, and the greed for more money led to his downfall. He does not, however, seem to have had any vicious tendencies, though he lived at a somewhat extravagant rate.

Robert Bates was sixty-four years of age. He drew a salary of £1,000 a year from the bank, but beyond that possessed no money of his own. In his capacity of confidential clerk and adviser he was, of course, cognisant of what was going on, and therefore aided and abetted his partners in guilt. Obviously the course he should have taken when he saw how things were going, and that the customers' securities were being negotiated, was to have called halt and have withdrawn from the concern, though had he done so it would at once have aroused suspicion, and he shared the hope of the others that a change of fortune would come.

But he proved, as has been proved so often, that when once a person embarks in crime retreat is difficult, if not impossible. Whatever their intentions were in the first instance, it was made clear that the three men conspired to cheat and defraud those who trusted them, and obviously that was done with a view to enriching themselves. And, what is more, they helped themselves to money from the coffers of the bank in order to supply their own personal wants.

A RUN ON THE BANK.

Of course, they were all perfectly well aware that if they could only manage to keep the bank going they might succeed in staving off the inevitable crash for some time, and it was that idea that led them in the first instance to hypothecate the securities they held in trust. But that course confronted them with the serious difficulty of having to provide large sums to pay interest as it became due. The difficulty was one they could not overcome, and then it was they resorted to embezzlement.

Sir John Paul had a friend who resided at Tunbridge Wells and was a director of the National Assurance Society. To this gentleman Sir John appealed for assistance by requesting a loan of £20,000 on some stock, the property of a customer, the Rev. Dr. Griffiths, Prebendary of Rochester Cathedral. The friend was unable to comply with the request from his own private means, and the society he represented did not grant loans on stock.

Sir John was disappointed, but went elsewhere, with better success. Some months later, however, he again applied to his friend, and this time he wanted a loan for a large amount on foreign securities, but here again there was a difficulty about a loan, whereupon Paul expressed his willingness to sell the securities outright, and his friend said that, that being the case, he would carry the transaction through, and they were ultimately sold through a firm of brokers, who paid for them the sum of £12,281 5s., which amount was handed to Paul. These securities were also the property of Dr. Griffiths.

Securities of other customers were dealt with in the same way, and matters became very desperate, and somehow or another it leaked out that the bank was unstable. Bills bearing the name of the bank were offered to discounters at 3 or 4 per cent. above the current rates. Up to this point, however, no one would have ventured to breathe a word against the honesty of the partners. On the contrary, much sympathy was expressed for them, as it was considered a great misfortune that so old a bank should go to the wall.

In June of that year some of the smaller depositors got anxious, and there was a run on the bank; the partners made an application for assistance to the Committee of Bankers, but it was refused. With a last despairing hope that they might still stave off the ruin which was now staring them in the face, the criminals paid over the counter to their clamouring customers a total sum of £23,000. This drain exhausted the coffers, and on the 11th of the same month the firm were gazetted as bankrupts. The total amount of debts proved against the two concerns—that is, the bank and the naval agency in Norfolk Street—was upwards of three-quarters of a million, with practically no assets.

This failure for so large an amount caused a sensation in the City and consternation amongst those who had placed their securities with the bank. A demand was, of course, made for these securities, and then it was revealed that many of them had been sold.

ARRESTED, BUT ESCAPES.

Dr. Griffiths alone lost £22,000, and he preferred a charge against the partners, with the result that a warrant was issued for the arrest of the three men. The same evening Bates was taken at Norfolk Street, and two officers set off at once for Nutfield.

They found Sir John at dinner, but, as it was too late to get back to town that night, the last train having gone, it was arranged that they were to stay in the house with their prisoner until the following morning, and Paul was allowed to retire to his own bedroom.

What his thoughts and feelings were during the long hours of that terrible night will never be known. He knew only too well that the felon's dock and the felon's doom were his. His family were ruined; his beautiful home would be broken up, and he, who had held his head so high and been honoured and respected by his neighbours and acquaintances, would now be scorned and despised.

Many a man in such a position would have put an end to the life he had dishonoured, but Sir John Dean Paul did not do that, and there is some reason for supposing that he had other thoughts—thoughts that he might yet elude the net of Justice.

The following morning he rose betimes, took his bath, attired himself with great care, and he and the officers breakfasted together. All being ready at last, the prisoner was conducted to the Reigate Railway Station, and arrived just as the train was about to leave. Sir John hurried forward and jumped into a second-class carriage. The officers were at his heels, but before they could get in the train was moving, and a porter rushed up and pulled them back; then, to their consternation, they saw the train go off with their prisoner, while they were left on the platform.

They rushed to the station-master and ordered him to signal the engine-driver to stop, but he declined to do that, but consented to telegraph to London Bridge, and the officers proceeded by the next train. When they reached London, only a quarter of an hour later, they anxiously inquired of the station-master for Sir John, but the official replied that, though he had received the telegram, he did not know Sir John Paul, and so had taken no steps to secure him.

NO MONEY AND NO HOPE.

The officers were dumfounded, for their prisoner had gone, and throughout that day and the next day not a trace of him could they find. Of course, the telegraph wires flashed the news of the prisoner's escape and his description all over the country, and every seaport in the kingdom was watched. Notwithstanding all this, however, it is possible—probable, indeed—that Paul might have got clear away, and by disguising himself have ultimately gained sanctuary in a foreign country, but he was without means. And a fugitive from justice who was without money had little to hope for.

Perhaps Sir John spent his hours of liberty in trying to obtain possession of funds, but he, who had been in the habit of dealing in hundreds of thousands of pounds, and who had inherited a large fortune, now found himself a beggar and hopeless. Consequently the following night at about eight o'clock, having so far successfully evaded capture, he presented himself at Bow Street Police-station, much to the joy of the officers who had allowed him to slip out of their grasp.

It must have been a terrible blow to his pride, and who can doubt that when he entered the gloomy portals of the police-station he did not feel that all that made life bearable was behind him? All his days he had been used to luxury and comfort, now he was consigned to the misery and horrors of a police cell.

(To be concluded next week.)

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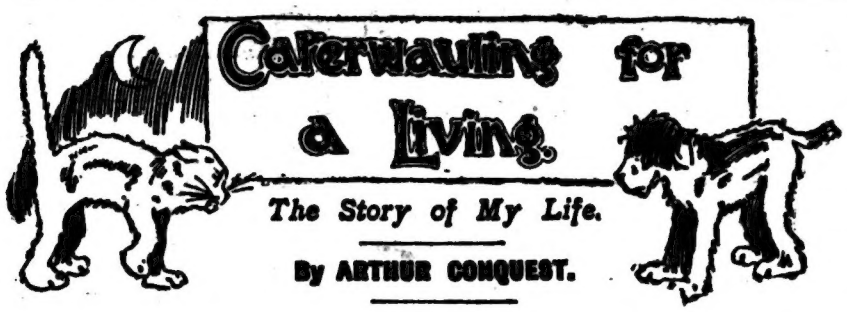
RICHARD J. PAULL, General Manager and Secretary.

"FATHER," protested little Alfred, "I don't want to go to school!"

"But, my son," said his parent, a successful pickle-maker, "don't you want a good education?"

"No, father," replied the young one, "I'd rather grow up to be just like you."

Don't miss in this month's PEARSON'S the New Zealand Football Story, it's as good as seeing the "All Blacks" once more in all their glory.



The Story of My Life.

By ARTHUR CONQUEST.

[Mr. Arthur Conquest, the famous Drury Lane "cat-man," is admittedly the finest animal impersonator in the world. In private life he is an exceedingly cheery, well-informed little gentleman, and a fine athlete, who has won many prizes at the music-hall sports' meetings.]

TELL you the story of my life? Why, certainly, if you think it worth the telling. Anyway, I shall try to give a more truthful account of myself than was once written by an American interviewer, who, amongst many other daring flights of fancy, described me as having stroked the Oxford eight in 1893—*i.e.*, when I was fourteen years old!

There! the dread secret of my age is out! And whilst thus unbosoming myself I may as well add that I am married and the proud father of a daughter.

Mention of her reminds me that a prophet is, indeed, without honour in his own country. Last year, fishing for compliments, I asked her what she thought of my performance at the "Lane." "Oh, well, father," she replied, "it's very clever, but when are you going to do something really funny!"

In justice to myself, however, I must add that she had watched me rehearsing at home for weeks beforehand, and this seeing "how the figure worked," had no doubt taken the gilt off my humorous gingerbread. What a fearful mixture of metaphors! And I seem to be getting pretty mixed myself, as I have begun anywhere but at the beginning of my career. False start! try again.

A VETERAN OF TEN YEARS OLD!

I am, of course, a son of George Conquest, of Grecian and Surrey Theatres fame, and, like his father before him, one of the most remarkable men the stage has ever seen. I was born, therefore, to the stage, and if not on it, at all events, I played many "thinking" parts as a baby, and by the time I was ten I was something of a theatrical veteran.

I remember a rather amusing incident of these early days. I was playing the part of a French waiter in a comedy, in the course of which I had to bring on a tray laden with champagne and wine-glasses. One night, however, just as I was hurrying on, I tripped over something or other, and went headlong with a fearful crash. Almost out of my mind with fright and anguish, and quite forgetting that I was not supposed to know a word of English, I rushed on the stage and bleated forth to my brother George, who, as another character, had ordered the fizz, "Oh, George, I've upset the blooming tray!"

At the same time, despite theatrical parentage and associations, my great ambition as a boy was to join the Royal Navy, and I got so far as to pass for the *Britannia*. Then my mother intervened, and would not hear of my joining such a "dangerous" profession, and so, to my great and lasting regret, I had to abandon my most cherished dream.

I find my mother's anxiety a little amusing, considering that I was to make something of a name for myself as a star trap-artist, a calling which is hardly to be classed as safe. As a matter of fact, however, I have had no serious accidents—stop a moment while I "touch wood"—in my trap work.

A TREBLE SOMERSAULT IN THE AIR.

Of course, I have broken most of the bones in my feet at one time or another, have put my shoulders out once, and smashed my nose two or three times; but trap-artists don't reckon such mishaps as real accidents, and so far I have been very lucky, although I have more than once tempted Providence, notably when I did a treble pirouette in the air. That is, after being shot from the trap, I made three complete turns in the air before touching ground again. I believe, though I don't wish to boast, that I am the only man who has done a treble pirouette and lived to tell the tale—there are not many who can do a double—and untold gold wouldn't tempt me to try it now. But I did it as a youngster, and came down as steady as a rock.

But enough of traps; I will only add that to succeed with them you must make up your mind to conquer the trap or the trap will assuredly conquer you—the slightest hesitation or nervousness is absolutely fatal.

Well, as I was telling you, I played all sorts of parts at the Grecian and the Surrey as a boy—in the intervals of being educated at Brussels and Paris—and I scored my first real success in a comedy called *Our New Man*. My father used to say that my true line was comedy, and he may have been right. But the fact of seeing Charles Lauri settled my vocation once and for all. After that nothing would suit me but to follow in his footsteps as an animal impersonator and star trap-artist.

Work as the latter I have already spoken about; but, so far as animal impersonation is concerned, my first appearance was as a beetle. My father was, of course, famous for his inventions in the way of grotesque pantomime masks and faces and figures, and I benefited by his genius in this direction, playing all sorts of extraordinary animals, the costumes for which he originated.

Indeed, I think a snake is about the only important animal I have not played, and only because I am not a contortionist.

The monkey is, I think, my favourite *rôle*. Why, I don't know, unless it is that one can occasionally straighten one's back whilst playing it.

But any animal part is tremendously hard work, and, "fit" though I keep myself, I am absolutely drenched with perspiration from head to foot when I come off the stage.

And it is hard work, too, learning an animal *rôle*. It is very far from being a case of just putting on an animal costume and doing what you like. I should not dream of playing any new animal without at least a month's hard practice—I was three months over the ape in my sketch, *The Sioux*. All my practising is done in front of a big mirror. That is the one and only way to win success as an animal impersonator. The novice, as I have hinted, thinks he has only to put on the dress, go on the stage, and tumble about. Far from it. Only by incessant practice in front of a mirror and in costume can you learn what your actions will look like on the stage.

When I am actually playing a part I have, so to speak, my mirror still before me, and every movement I make on the stage, careless and unpremeditated though it may seem to the audience, has been rehearsed thousands of times beforehand, and in the mirror of my mind's eye I can see myself making the movement and exactly how it looks.

PEEL AN ORANGE WITH BARE TOES.

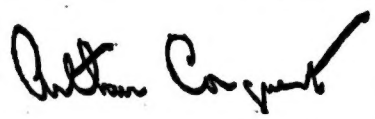
And, of course, I study the animal I am imitating in the life as closely as possible, visiting the Zoo at least once a week. But several hours' daily practice before my mirror for at least a month is my rule before trying a new *rôle*. And I can tell you it is pretty trying to dress up in cold blood as a cat or a dog or what not and solemnly practise by yourself in an empty room.

However, I think Nature gifted me with a good stock of patience.

Anyway, about six years ago I set to work to develop my toes, which, I am certain, men at one time used to use like fingers, and, as a result, my feet are now almost as useful to me as hands—at all events, I can peel an orange with my bare foot.

At Drury Lane I came a "cropper" one night. I was playing the Cat, and in running round the circle, I used, when I came to the opening made by an aisle, to pretend to fall over into it. Well, one night over I went, and immediately became conscious that I had come down on something, which, from the sound it made as it collapsed, I had no difficulty in identifying as a silk hat, evidently put in the aisle by a visitor. Oh, my feelings as I lay there with the hat becoming "small by degrees and beautifully less" beneath me.

What to do I knew not, and my anguish was increased when a gentleman, who, I guessed, was the owner of the hat, leaned forward and asked if I had hurt myself. In the end I picked myself up and fairly bolted back to the stage, where I related the "regrettable incident," with the result that an official went to make the *amende honorable* to the gentleman who, however, took the affair in the nicest way possible, and was far more amused than angry.



HARRY TATE'S RECIPE FOR GOOD HEALTH.

IF you are in search of good health, you will find your choice of methods in an article in the January issue of PEARSON'S MAGAZINE, to which many well-known people contribute their ideas on the subject.

Harry Tate's recipe is original, at any rate. He says:

"Some time ago—though, as a rule, I seldom suffer from ill-health—after a particularly arduous 'motoring' tour, I found myself very much 'run down.' The doctor at once ordered me to take regular walking exercise daily. So I bought a motor-bicycle. I have never walked so much in my life as when I was the proud possessor of that machine. Therefore, with the confidence begotten of experience, I can say to all who wish to become healthy, 'Buy a motor-bicycle,' and then you will surely take regular walking exercise, which is so essential to good health."

Why English Opera is not Popular.

By CHARLES MANNERS

(Of the celebrated Moody-Manners Opera Company).

IN London "the opera" means to the average man and woman the short season of operatic performances in Italian, German, and French, and sometimes in a mixture of all three, that are given at Covent Garden Theatre at very high prices, a single stall costing as much as 30s.

On the Continent it means a popular amusement at prices within the reach of almost the humblest, performances that are not dependent on seasons, but which are given all the year round, with a great variety of operas, ranging from the classical *Fedelio* of Beethoven to the sparkling *Merry Wives* of Nicolai, so that every taste is catered for. The opera is, in other words, the recreation of the many, not as here the cult of the privileged and fashionable few.

This striking contrast has often puzzled the "intelligent foreigner," who has summed up the situation with the well-worn generalisation that the English are not a musical nation.

As a lover of music this is to me by no means satisfactory, and with an experience of ten years' travelling from town to town in the provinces I believe that English opera can be made an institution in London, and a self-supporting one, not relying on Government or municipal subsidies.

But to effect this the operas must be sung in the mother tongue, and sung so as to be heard and understood. In the comic operas of Gilbert and Sullivan and in others that have achieved success, such as *Rip Van Winkle* and *Les Cloches de Corneville*, the action of the piece and the language of each character were as intelligible as those of an ordinary play.

On the Continent, where every little town has its opera, everything is sung in the vernacular, and the singer who does not make himself understood has a poor chance of success. Given a libretto that is intelligible, singers who have studied diction and enunciation, and an orchestra that keeps to its function of accompanying where only that is required, instead of drowning the voices of even the most powerful singers, I believe English opera and opera in English would have a chance of permanent popularity.

DOUBLE DUTCH.

INVETERATE JOKIST (driving up to country inn, to bucolic native advancing to horse's head): "Rusticus, extricate the quadruped from yonder vehicle, stabulate him, afford him an adequate supply of nutritious aliment, and when the aurora of morn shall illumine the horizon I will truly compensate thee for the amiable hospitality."

Dumfounded yokel staggers into inn, exclaiming: "Measter! measter! There be a Dutchman out here a-wantin' of yer!"

HE was telling her about the members of his football team. "Now, there's Brown," said he, "in a few weeks' time he'll be our best man."

"Oh, Jack," she gushed, "what a nice way to ask me!"

Before or After Dinner?

When Should Speeches be Made?

[To many, if not, indeed, to most, men, the prospect of having to make a speech at the conclusion of a banquet or dinner is little short of intolerable, completely spoiling their enjoyment of the feast and keeping them in a state of acute and distressing nervous tension. Apart from this, the mental effort of speaking immediately after a heavy meal cannot, one thinks, be good for the digestions of even those for whom speech-making has no terrors. Should not speeches, therefore, be made before instead of after dinner? Here are two opinions.]

Sir W. P. TRELOAR, late Lord Mayor of London

(Whose reply is brevity itself).

BEFORE!

Sir THOMAS PINK

(Who, apart from his commercial eminence, is well-known as a very clever and effective after-dinner speaker).

I THINK those speeches which are usually made after dinner could not effectively be made before dinner.

Of course, there are many speeches which could not properly be delivered after dinner owing to the length of the speeches or the subjects involved. And, although it is not strictly pertinent to the question, I might observe there are many speakers who spoil what would be otherwise a good effect by speaking at undue length both before and after dinner.

Personally, I think my brain acts quicker after a good meal than when in a state of anticipation, although I know with some people a feeling of nervousness spoils the satisfaction that they would otherwise derive from their dinner.

It appears to me in their case there is only one cure, and that is, not to make speeches.

Hackenschmidt may beat Zbysco, but nothing can beat the January NOVEL MAGAZINE.

Picked Pars.

Leather Cheque.

A cheque for £2, written on a strip of leather, has been presented at and cashed by a Pittsburg bank.

Parting from a Pal.

From the arm of Mr. Mark Rean, of San Francisco, a four-inch nail has been removed after being in his body for thirty-three years.

"I'll Teach Ye."

In order to teach a lesson in punctuality to a bride and bridegroom who arrived late at St. Just's Church, Penzance, for their wedding, the vicar postponed the ceremony for four hours.

"Is my Helmet on Straight?"

The safety board of Toledo, Ohio, has conferred police powers on the women of the Deaconess Home in that town. The women, who wear badges, are posted in all the local railway stations in order to protect women travellers.

Danced at 97.

Mrs. Waugh, of Duddo Farm, Norham, who has died at the age of ninety-seven, had retained her faculties to such an extent that she was able this year to lead off a dance at Duddo, and arrangements were being made for her to have her first ride in a motor-car.

Week-ends on Water.

A scheme has been started for the purchase of an obsolete liner, which is to be anchored in Falmouth Harbour and turned into an hotel.

Slot Gamps.

Automatic umbrella distributors will be installed on all the Berlin railway stations next month, which will deliver umbrellas to travellers at 2s. a time. If the umbrella is returned within two days' time the borrower gets 1s. 8d. back.

A Possible Limerick Winner.

A member of the Natal House of Assembly is employing his time during the parliamentary recess in writing a résumé in poetry of last session's proceedings.

Playful Puss.

A kitten caused a serious fire recently at May's Buildings, East Barnet Road, London. It was playing with the tassels of a shawl hanging on a clothes-horse, and pulled the horse on top of a stove.

"Was That Me?"

The "picture cure" for drunkenness is working wonders for temperance, according to the Denver, U.S.A., police, who, when a drunken man is brought to them, snapshot him, and next day show him how he looked.

A Few Items of Fact that will Interest You.

Chance for First Nighters.

An enormous quantity of unsold eggs—five millions in all—are stated to be lying at present in the "Halles," or Covent Garden, of Paris.

Egyptian Road Hogs.

An order has been issued at Aden that all camels going beyond a walking pace after sunset must be provided with a bell. The reason is that it is impossible to hear a camel trotting or walking.

Dignity of the Force.

Giving evidence against a traction-engine driver summoned at Tonbridge Police Court, a police sergeant said he did not run after the engine, because it was going at five miles an hour, and he only walked two. "It would be improper," he said, "for a sergeant in uniform to run up the High Street."

Lord Mayor as a Farmer.

The Lord Mayor, speaking at the Patten makers' dinner, said he was astonished the other day to learn that he was a farmer. He received a letter from Vienna, in which the writer, after congratulating him on his appointment to his present office, offered to give him one cock and two hens in exchange for some of those he bred in his farmyard.

Picture Pars. *(See footline.)*

A carefully indexed handbook, entitled "Picture Paragraphs," containing a selection of the best of the pars used on this page, is now on sale at all bookstalls. Price One Shilling, or post free for 1s. 2d. from the Publisher, 18 Henrietta St., London, W.C.

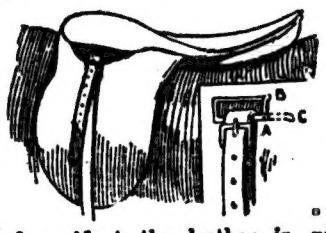
HOOF NUMBERS.

MANY of the cart-horses which may be seen in the neighbourhood of the docks have numbers cut into the horny substance of their hoofs. It may be noticed that these numbers are in all sorts of different positions, some on the upper part of the hoof, some in the middle, and some quite low down near the shoe. These figures denote the number of the horse in the Insurance register, and are placed there by the contractors who own the animal.

The reason why the position of the marking varies, is because the figures travel downwards with the growth of the hoof. They have therefore at regular intervals to be cut again at the top.

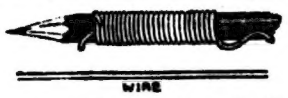
SAFETY FOR HORSEMEN.

MOST of the bad accidents at hunting arise from the rider being thrown, and then dragged along by the stirrup. The little device shown in the picture is frequently made use of to obviate this danger. The steel bar on the saddle, which supports the stirrup leather, has a spring hinge at (A) which allows the extremity to turn up to (B) and consequently prevents the strap slipping out when in ordinary use. But when in the case of accident the leather is pulled backwards with unusual pressure, as would happen if a person fell to the ground, the little arm opens out to (C) and the leather is free to slip away and release the unfortunate rider.



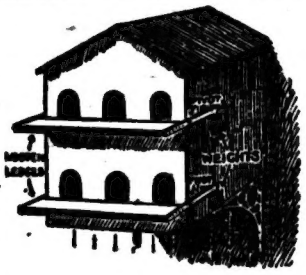
DIAMETER OF A FINE WIRE.

SHOULD you ever find it necessary to obtain the diameter of a fine wire, it may be done in the manner shown in the picture. Wind it carefully round a piece of pencil in one layer for an inch or so so that each turn is touching the previous one. Then measure exactly an inch along the wire and count the number of turns in the inch, you then have the information. Thus, if there are eighteen turns the wire is one-eighteenth of an inch in diameter.



TO BAFFLE PUSSY.

THE illustration shows a method by which a temporary resting place may be secured for the birds, without affording any assistance to the murderous designs of prowling cats. On a narrow piece of board, of the right length, screw two strips of iron at each end. These should project seven or eight inches and terminate in hooks. They should be fastened to the house by a pivot arrangement as shown in the picture, and a weight should be hung on each hook of just sufficient heaviness to counterbalance the additional burden on the board of a couple of birds. Should a cat jump on the ledge it will at once drop, and a wiser and a sadder pussy will probably refrain from further experiments.



TO REGULATE THE SCREW.

THE picture shows a screw bit and gauge for use in an ordinary joiner's brace. By merely loosening the thumbscrew this gauge can be moved up and down, thus regulating the exact depth of the boring. The risk of making too deep a hole, and perhaps spoiling the work on hand, is completely avoided by the use of this contrivance. This is particularly useful when the hole has to be made on the under side of a piece of furniture, the upper or polished side of which would be considerably damaged by the screw accidently going right through.

A CHEAP NIGHTLIGHT.

FOR invalids and people who dislike sleeping in the dark, nightlights during the course of the year amount to quite an expensive item. The illustration shows an ingenious contrivance, which, while answering the same purpose, will prove considerably less expensive. Take a small shallow tin and bore a hole in the centre of the lid. Fill the tin with cotton wool soaked in paraffin oil, place the lid on, and with a pin draw a small piece of wool through the hole. When this is lighted it will last many hours. In order that this nightlight may be used without danger, it is well to place it in a saucer which contains a little water. This will help to keep the oil from becoming overheated.

Personal Pars.

Clerical Joiner.

DR. MACCARTHY, Bishop of Grantham, speaking at a prize distribution, said: "If there is anything I should like to be able to do, it is a little carpentering. I have had that ambition all my life. I can hardly hit a nail without hitting my thumb! Yet I have always had a sort of conceit that I should make a most excellent cabinet-maker."

Link with the Past.

GENERAL SIR RICHARD FARREN, G.C.B., who recently celebrated his ninetieth birthday at Bealings House, Woodbridge, Suffolk, entered Sandhurst College at the age of thirteen, and in 1834 passed his final examination in the presence of the then King of England, William IV. One of his examiners was the great Duke of Wellington, hero of Waterloo, who died in 1852.

In Chains.

AMONG titled people who are English mayors this year are the following: Duke of Marlborough, mayor of Woodstock; Lord Brassey, Bexhill; Sir Joseph Rymer, Lord Mayor of York; Sir C. H. Radford, Plymouth; Sir Thomas Tacon, Eye, in Suffolk; General J. W. Laurie, C.B., Paddington (London); the Hon. J. M. Rolls, eldest son of Lord Llangattock, Monmouth; and, of course, Sir John Bell, Lord Mayor of London.

Kingly Vision.

WHEN in London a few weeks ago, the King of Spain visited Tussaud's waxwork exhibition, and was much amused at the model of himself and the Queen of Spain. A motherly old lady happened to be also looking at the figures, and she remarked: "What a pity the baby isn't in it!" King Alfonso, on hearing this, broke out into laughter. The lady looked up. "Good gracious!" she exclaimed; "it's the King himself!" She beat a hasty retreat to hide her confusion, and the young King, still smiling, passed on.

Family Connection.

BOTH Mr. Joseph Chamberlain and his son, Mr. Austen Chamberlain, are members of the ancient Cordwainers' Company of London. It is hoped that Mr. Austen's little son will live to become also a member, thus continuing the connection of the Chamberlain family with the company, which had existed since 1740, over a century and a half.

Novel Writing.

MR. FREDERIC HARRISON, the noted Positivist, when opening a book exhibition a while ago, mentioned that Lord Beaconsfield once said to him: "I never read novels. When I want a novel I write one." "Unfortunately," added Mr. Harrison, "I was foolish enough to take Disraeli's advice. I wrote a novel which nobody has ever read!"

Living Statues.

QUITE a number of living celebrities have statues of themselves erected in India. The King is represented in marble and bronze in several places, while at least one statue of the Prince of Wales is to be seen. Then there is a fine statue of Earl Roberts, who is shown on a charger, in Calcutta; while Sir George Birdwood, now living in England at the age of seventy-five, is to be seen in statue form in Bombay, where his popularity with the Parsees caused them to erect the monument.

Live and Learn.

WITH twenty-two years' service as a judge, Sir William Grantham is the "Father" of the Bench. In a case once being tried before him it was mentioned that Little Tich got £100 a week salary. "Little what?" asked Sir William. "Tich, my lord," murmured the barrister. "Trick?" asked the judge, looking puzzled. And then finally he added: "Oh, I see—'Tick'!" It was eventually explained to Sir William who this Little Tich was, who earned as much as a judge.

A Few Facts About Well-known People.

Rival Skylarks.

LORD ALVERSTONE, the Lord Chief Justice, is a good musician, and still sings in the choir of St. Mary Abbots, Kensington. When he was Sir Richard Webster he often used to sing a good song in congenial company, and one of his rivals in that art was Sir Edward Clarke, the famous K.C. "Capital fellow, Clarke," said Sir Richard on one of those occasions, "if only he would leave singing alone." "Sir Richard," said Sir Edward Clarke, "is in every way an ornament to the profession, but most unhappily he cherishes the delusion that he can sing."

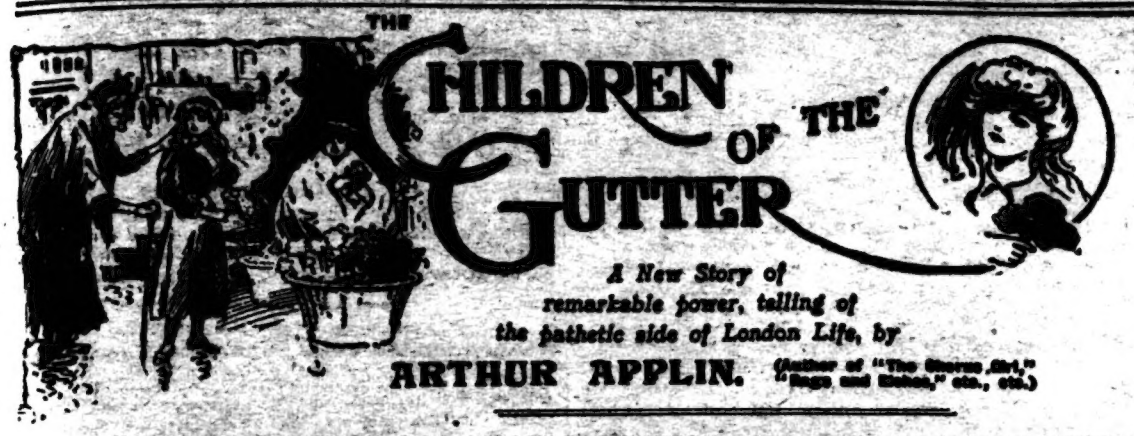
Royal Father's Joke.

ANOTHER daughter having been born to him lately, the King of Italy has now four children. Immediately after the event His Majesty received an editor, who presented his book on contemporary Italian history. Looking through the work, the King came across an engraving of himself surrounded by his three children. "Where is the fourth child?" laughingly asked His Majesty, pointing to the page. The birth of the latest baby not being generally known then, the author was unable to understand what the King meant, and his confusion was great until explanations ensued!

Not for Joe.

THOSE old political rivals Mr. Joseph Chamberlain and the late Sir William Harcourt were on very friendly terms. Sir William's son has just been telling an incident of 1886, when Mr. Chamberlain was staying at Malwood, Sir William's home. The guests were inscribing their names in the visitors' book, one page of which was already full, when it came to Mr. Chamberlain's turn. "Now is the great chance of your life, Chamberlain," said Sir William; "you will be able to turn over a new leaf!" "I will be hanged if I do!" retorted Mr. Chamberlain, and he turned the book round and wrote his name on the margin of the full page.

A pencil-case will be given to the sender of each original illustrated paragraph accepted and used on this page! Address your envelope to The Page Six Editor, Pearson's Weekly, Henrietta Street, London, W.C.



A New Story of remarkable power, telling of the pathetic side of London Life, by

ARTHUR APPLIN. (Author of "The Shrew Girl," "Rags and Riches," etc., etc.)

THE FIRST CHAPTERS.

"FLOWERS, lidy—beautiful chrysan'thums—violettes—sweet English violettes!"

It has been a bad day for the flower-sellers at Piccadilly Circus, and Maggie Druce, her basket far from emptied, almost forgets the gathering fog in her endeavours to dispose of her wares.

"Flowers, lidy, lovely——"

"'Arf asleep, ain't yer? My!—but I'll warm yer when I gets yer 'ome."

With a start the pretty flower-girl looks up. Her white skin blushes at the taunt. An old woman has hobbled across the road and with glaring eyes confronts her.

"Done the best I could," Maggie says softly.

The remark is greeted with a torrent of fiery language, and she is roughly seized by the shoulder and piloted through the maze of traffic. Through street after street the ill-assorted couple hurry; at last Drury Lane is entered, and on the third floor of Rockfeller Buildings their journey ends. Ma Druce and daughter have reached home.

In the sordid room are others. By the fitful light of an evil-smelling lamp, the forms of Alf, Maggie's brother, who exists by selling papers, and invests many coppers on horses that do not win, and Jim, who has married Maggie's sister, can be discerned.

At the sight of Jim, her out-of-work son-in-law, Ma Druce again breaks into a storm of abuse.

The man does not move a muscle; he takes a long breath, then sighs. "Shut it," he says quietly; "you'll drive Maggie the same way as you did Ruby, with your nagging. Give her something to eat."

Ma Druce laughs shrilly. "Where's that rope-end? I'll learn 'er. I'll learn the lot of yer!"

She hits Maggie with the rope. The girl's demeanour instantly changes. No longer a girl but a little demon, she springs towards her mother.

But a small hand restrains her. "'Old 'ard; I've done it," a voice whispers. "The long-priced 'un's rolled 'ome."

Maggie stops; she understands; her brother Alf has backed a winner. That night the two will have high jinks together; a visit to a theatre and a "blow out" afterwards. Brother and sister escape from the dreary home. In a Soho back street a barrel-organ is playing, and Maggie dances to it with joy tingling in her veins.

At the theatre a young man presently accosts them; Alf decides he is a "real toff."

"Hope you don't mind me stopping you," he says, addressing Maggie; "but I saw you dancing in Soho just now, and I want to paint you—make a picture of you dancing to a barrel-organ in a muddy street, you know. Could you spare me two or three hours a day? I'm afraid it won't run to more than four or five shillings at the outside. And, perhaps, if you're keen on dancing, I might help you to become a dancer, get into a theatre—a ballet somewhere. My name's Jim Ferguson. If you can't make up your mind now, think it over—here's my card."

When the play is over, Maggie's thoughts turn to the artist who wants to paint her.

"Alf," she says quietly, "I shall go and see this Mr. Jim. Yer don't mind, Alf; and yer won't say a word!"

"I won't say a word, not if they skin me alive. And, Maggie"—Alf flounders for words—"I don't want to say anythink against 'er, but . . . well—yer knows how it was with Ruby."

The next morning, when Jim Ferguson is painting hard in his studio, Maggie appears. Miss Maud Mountjoy, the popular actress whom Jim had been portraying on his canvas, takes her departure, and the artist poses his young model. An Italian with his organ is brought in, and a creditable picture is drawn. Visitors call, Lady Berkeley and her daughter, and in the Bohemianism of the studio a little tea party takes place. It is Maggie's first experience of "real ladies," and she thinks them delightful.

But all good things have an end, and later, when accompanied by Alf she reaches home, Ma Druce is again furious. With the rope-end she belabours Maggie, and blood spurts from the flower-girl's white skin. A knife is lying near. Alf seizes it. There is a shriek, then silence.

Horror-stricken, the occupants of that stuffy room gaze at the body on the floor. Ma Druce is dead. Jim, the out-of-work, takes upon himself the blame of her death. He maintains that, when standing between Ma Druce and her son, he pushed the old woman to the ground, and that she is only stunned. "Alf," he says, "take Maggie and get out of it, and never come back here again."

Alf heeds the advice, and the couple leave home for ever. Absolutely penniless, they have to think about their sleeping quarters. "We'll go round to the artist for a bit on account," remarks Alf.

When they visit him, Ferguson realises that something unusual has happened, and, as it is very late, he provides them with accommodation at his studio. Alf protests that he could easily go out into the street again and find somewhere to sleep, and when Ferguson returns to his room, after seeing to Maggie's comfort, the boy has gone.

CHAPTER EIGHT.

"What 'ave Yer Done to 'er, Mister?"

ALL sorts of creatures had sheltered in Jim Ferguson's studio—dogs and cats, children, men, and women; they came and went, although a good many remained—on the canvases hanging against his wall. So he slept with a light heart, and if by any chance poor, crafty Mima Convention knocked at the door, he did not hear.

Maggie stood a long time where he had left her, at the foot of the bed, deep in thought and deeply perplexed. Since he had insisted on her remaining, she would have curled herself up before the fire in the studio and gone to sleep like a dog or any other homeless animal; that would seem fairly natural and reasonable. But it was not natural and it was not reasonable to be suddenly given a bedroom and a bed—and those queer garments of silk which as yet she had not touched. She stood undecided and a little helpless, until silence reigned.

Ten minutes had already passed and she remembered his threat; opening the door she peeped out but he had already forgotten for he was fast asleep. Shutting the door she picked up one of the candles and looked at herself in the mirror; curiosity tempted her, and a feeling that perhaps the glass would disclose something that at present was hidden from her. At first she only saw what she already knew existed—neck and face, and tangled hair, and ragged dress. She continued to look at her reflection, growing interested in spite of herself. She had never seen herself so clearly before; the mirror was larger and better than those provided at the Westminster baths for threepence.

She began to wonder whether it lied or not, and she wondered whether Jim Ferguson saw her so when he sketched her! For the first time in her life she was aware of her colouring—carrots her friends sometimes called her. She shook her hair loose and touched it curiously; then she noticed how soiled were her hands and her face. She put down the candle, and, creeping into the bathroom, washed them.

Her body was aching, the water made her shoulders smart; she was glad to throw off her coarse dress, glad to slip on the soft, silk jacket which Ferguson had thrown on the bed. But the moment she had done so, she blew out the candles quickly, and then crept between the sheets as if she were doing something wrong and shameful.

For a minute she shivered, then a delicious warmth stole over her. She drew the clothes closer—such soft, sweet warmth she had never felt before. . . .

She was dreaming—dreaming the maddest dreams ever vouchsafed to girlhood. . . . That white figure of the goddess had crept from the studio and was standing at the foot of the bed smiling at her; all the faces and figures from the walls bent down and whispered to her. Out of the canvas, standing on the easel, stepped a wonderful woman beautifully dressed; she beckoned Maggie away, and, following, she found herself in a theatre crowded with people; she saw myriads of lights and heard the crash of music. The curtain rose, and she began to dance; she was no longer in rags, but the softest lawn and lace clung to her limbs, diamonds flashed on her breast, and a long feather swept from her hair to her shoulder. And across the footlights in the middle of the audience she saw Jim Ferguson smiling at her and applauding. . . . The applause was deafening, it grew louder and louder, but it was Ferguson who applauded the loudest—she heard his voice calling to her. She bent down over the footlights, she opened her arms, she wanted him to come to her. . . . Then suddenly the audience and the theatre disappeared, and only he remained; he was standing close, close to her, looking right into her soul with those strong, kind eyes.

And she opened her eyes. . . .

Jim Ferguson laughed. "I'm sorry to disturb you, but Alf—who ran away last night, has thought better of it and returned—he says he must see you—and, by Jove, you did want waking! I was beginning to think you'd run away in the night."

Maggie blinked her eyes. "Why, what's happened——"

"Breakfast's happened, that's all," Ferguson replied, turning away with a smile. "I hope you don't mind hurrying up, because I want to get to work."

Maggie sat upright as the door closed; she swept the mass of red-gold from her face, and then, in the mirror on the dressing-table, she again saw her reflection.

"I wonder if it was all a dream," she whispered. She had changed since she had last looked in that mirror; it was not Maggie the flower-girl she saw . . . she was not quite sure who it was. Someone who, until she had dreamed, had been a stranger. Slowly she slipped out of bed, and almost unconsciously walked into the bathroom and tumbled into a steaming bath.

True, not Maggie the flower-seller, the child of the gutters, emerged shining and triumphant. When she glanced at the pathetic bundle of rags lying on the floor she shuddered, and, turning away, hid her face in her hands.

It was a dream. Cleanliness, Godliness, and Jim Ferguson were not for her!

* * * *

"I don't want no breakfast, guv'nor—I've 'ad my breakfast."

The housekeeper had just finished laying the breakfast, having, for better or for worse, dusted and cleaned the studio. She had lived with artists nearly all her life, but she had never become used to them. She was a good woman, thoroughly kind, but—unfortunately for the artist—thoroughly British.

She disapproved of pictures except when they were used for much the same purposes as wall-paper. She disapproved of poverty, except in its proper place—the workhouse. The majority of tenants who occupied the studios, and on whom she waited, would have been nice, respectable men and women—if they had not been artists; they would have lived in nice, quiet flats, lit by electricity, and served by lifts; have gone to bed at eleven and risen at seven, and would not have been possessed with a mania for collecting rubbish.

Jim Ferguson was the tenant whom she loved most and of whom she disapproved most. As she was never tired of telling him, in a motherly fashion, he collected more rubbish than any other young man she had ever met.

"Every morning as I goes into that studio and draws back the curtains, I trembles for what I may see; it isn't only bits of old pewter you wouldn't have picked up out of the rubbish heap, and bits of china, and all them foreign fallals, but you're never sure some horrid mongrel dog won't jump out, and fly at your throat, or that you won't see an Italian organ-grinder sleeping before the fire; it's nothing more or less than a menagerie! And as for trying to keep the place clean—well, I gave that up long ago. It'd require a regular army to keep that place in order—a regular army, I says."

Personally, Ferguson was grateful that Mrs. Jones gave up trying to keep his place in order; her methods were not his, and when she had "tidied-up" it took him half the morning to untidy.

"And what got blown in last night?" she asked, the morning following Maggie's advent. "A stray dog or cat—some wild beast, I'll be bound!"

Ferguson nodded grimly. "The most dangerous kind—one of your tribe, Mrs. Jones."

But she took pity on Alf, and though she sniffed disapprovingly, she fried an extra amount of bacon, and made a large dish of porridge.

"Now then, set to," Ferguson cried; "we won't wait for your sister."

Alf nodded, and glanced curiously at Ferguson, then over his shoulder at the inner room where Maggie was still hidden. "Artists ain't like other blokes, be they, guv'nor?"

"Not much difference," Ferguson smiled. "Yes, you'd better start on porridge, I'll put the bacon down to keep warm."

Alf hesitated before the steaming dish, spoon in air. "I ain't hungry," he stammered.

"If you say that again I shall call you a liar," Ferguson laughed. "Now then, get to business, and don't talk!"

Alf had not been taught to eat prettily, in fact he had not been taught to eat at all; instinct showed him the way to his mouth, and starvation had often taught him the short cut. The amalgamation of porridge and Alf was very like a conjuring trick. Ferguson watched him out of the corners of his eyes, whilst he sipped his coffee; he did not attempt to talk to him, and there was no sound—save that of a hungry youth satisfying nature, with occasionally the accompaniment of vigorous splashing from the inner room beyond the curtains.

"What's that?" Alf said as the spoon rattled on to an empty plate, and he heaved a deep sigh.

"Sounds like your sister having a bath, I think."

Alf nodded. "Yus, she gets taken like that sometimes—don't her know there's all this 'ere food wastin' to be eaten?"

Ferguson laughed, and shouted aloud for Maggie to hurry. He helped Alf to bacon, and, picking up the morning paper, pretended to read. The sound of splashing ceased, and there followed a somewhat ominous silence. Perhaps some suspicion of the tragedy that faced Maggie suddenly become a woman, flashed through the artist's mind. And if so, Alf had spoken truly when he said artists were not like other men.

Rising, Ferguson opened the cupboard where hung some of the rubbish which Mrs. Jones justly accused him of collecting—strange and rare pieces of drapery, dresses from Eastern lands glowing with colour. He selected a kimono, which doubtless a little Japanese maid had worn in her tea-garden in the land of chrysanthemums long, long ago, and, opening the door of the inner room a few inches, he passed it through.

"You had better put this on, Maggie, it'll save time, and Alf is growing impatient."

He received no reply, and, waiting for none, closed the door and returned to his newspaper. Alf had finished his bacon, but plenty still remained on the dish before the fire.

"Don't you never eat, mister?" he whispered.

"Not in the morning; can't work if I do. Go on some bread and jam—very good jam, made in Devonshi."

Alf nodded. Now he had started he needed encouragement. He was swelling visibly; he was feelin warm and comfortable, almost happy, and had for the moment drowned his sorrows in the porridge.

Presently the bedroom door opened, and, looking up, Ferguson saw Maggie standing on the threshold; he started, but quickly assumed control of himself and pretended to be absorbed in the newspaper. But he was not, he was absorbed in the girl. He was not startled, he was amazed. Disappointment and delight alternately took possession of his soul.

And Maggie was no less embarrassed than the artist. She was far more self-conscious now than she had been as

Tommy Burns is the champion boxer, but the NOVEL is the champion magazine.

a child selling flowers in the gutter. She advanced very slowly, her bare feet still peeping beneath the wonderful gown, touching the carpet noiselessly. Hairpins, if she possessed any when she went to sleep, had mysteriously disappeared; and so her hair, as Titian painted it, fell across her shoulder almost to her waist, and here and there coiled itself into curious little curls. Her face shone with a tender glow, probably caused by the rather rough friction of a bath towel; her eyes, too, shone with an inner glow caused by the dawn of understanding, and the gradual realisation of the beautiful in herself and her surroundings.

Ferguson saw she could not speak; quite unconsciously he slipped his hand into the pocket of his coat, and, pulling out a pencil, made a rough outline of her—on the front page of his morning paper.

"Hello, Alf!"

Ferguson laughed; the voice contradicted the face. Alf looked up, hesitated a moment, then rose unsteadily to his feet and stood staring at his sister.

"What's the matter?" Maggie queried. "I suppose I do look a bit queer."

Alf sat down again. "That ain't you, Maggie!" he stammered illogically. "Strike me pink, what's happened to you? Washin' and brushin' up ain't done all that to yer." He looked across at Ferguson with suspicion dawning in his eyes. "What have yer done to 'er, mister—are yer plyin' the gime?"

"I think she looks very nice, don't you?"

Alf shook his head, and, sitting back in his chair, stared at his sister.

His breakfast had been spoilt, he could eat no more. He made desultory attempts at conversation, and failed. Ferguson gave Maggie a seat, and waited on her, and breakfast was finished in silence. When Mrs. Jones appeared to clear away she looked at Jim Ferguson's latest collection in rubbish and shook her head. Ferguson waited until she had finished, then he asked Alf whether he wished to talk to him, or preferred to see his sister alone.

Alf scratched his head, stuck his hands deep into his trousers pockets, and stared into the fire. "Well, I've come to fetch her away, mister," he said awkwardly; "the bit o' money yer good as promised me last night will set me up in pipers, and I daresay 'll start her in a few flow'rs—vi'lets is cheap now."

He hesitated a moment and glanced at Maggie; her face looked an unnatural colour. "P'rhaps yer want to pint her, though. . . . It ain't much of a day to be sellin' flow'rs in the street, and then yer see I might have to go away one day, and there'd be no one to look after Maggie."

Ferguson slowly filled his pipe and lit it; he was beginning to understand, though he was still in the dark.

"Go away," he repeated—"to prison, you mean?"

Alf jumped to his feet; Maggie did not move, but her head dropped, until her face was hidden. It was very white against the purple of the kimono.

"What are yer gettin' at?" Alf cried fiercely. "Who talked of prison?"

Ferguson was walking up and down the studio, puffing clouds of smoke between his lips. "I beg your pardon," he said drily, "perhaps you mean you're going away on a voyage for your health; in that case you'll take Maggie with you, won't you?"

Alf stood defiantly before the fireplace for some seconds, but gradually his attitude changed, and, shrugging his shoulders, he walked to his sister's side and laid his hand on her arm.

"Come along, Maggie, get them togs off and stick on yer own clothes. The sooner yer clears out from here the better."

Maggie nodded, and rising, walked unsteadily towards the bedroom. Ferguson allowed her to pass without speaking, but when the door closed he faced Alf.

"Now then, you young rip, tell me what's happened."

"Nothin' ain't happened!" Alf was on his dignity now; he had been fed well, and he refused to be frightened. But at heart he was afraid; Ferguson had almost guessed his secret; Ferguson, being a gentleman, was in league with the police; Ferguson represented the forces of wealth, position, and education, which opposed the forces of poverty, ignorance, and loneliness; he represented the mysterious thing which Alf had often heard called Capital, a monster that with one hand crushed Labour, whilst with the other it supported it. Capital, inhuman mother that robs its child of life, even whilst it holds it to her breast and feeds it.

"You're afraid of me, eh?" Ferguson said bluntly.

"No, I ain't afraid of yer," Alf replied doggedly. "But we've got to earn our own livin' in our own way—and it ain't yours. Just 'cause I don't whine and beg of yer and humbug yer, yer talks of prison. Well, Maggie ain't done nothin' that would ever make her fear prison, I tell yer that stright—nor I for the matter of that!"

"Well, then, why run away in such a hurry?" Ferguson said calmly. "And, granted that you haven't done anything that might make you fear losing your freedom—supposing you had, what difference would that make to me? I have lots of pals who've been in prison."

Alf frowned and came a little closer to Ferguson, trying to see his face more clearly. Already the promise of day was fading away, and darkness was settling over the city, darkness akin to the night that had just passed, only deeper, more ugly, and more terrible. The foul darkness that millions of chimneys belched forth; the foul darkness that men crowding together like ants in an ant heap give birth to. The darkness of the day robbed of its light, robbed of its blue sky and its fresh air.

"You—got pals in prison—yer kiddin'! That's parsons' talk, but it don't mean nothin'; I've heard it afore, mister. . . . They called me a friend, they did, and then 'cause I pinched a bit of 'em that seemed to be lying lonesome-like on a stall, they sent me to a reformatory—there ain't much sort of friendship there, I can tell yer."

Ferguson nodded. "I know; it's a silly little country ours, Alf, but I don't think you'd run it any better yourself, my lad! There are too many people with too much money and too few brains. There's too much Christianity and not enough Christians. Let's sit down before the fire and have a good old yarn."

"I don't want to sit down!"

Ferguson yawned and threw himself into a chair. "I do, I have the modern Englishman's disease, I'm lazy. Now then, let's start at the beginning. Somebody, no matter who, treated your sister very badly yesterday, knocked her about, and so you very properly retaliated. That's it, isn't it?"

Alf took his time before replying. "She been tellin' yer?"

Ferguson shook his head. "I saw part and I guessed the rest. You expect to get into trouble for defending your sister? Well, if you do, let me know and I'll see what I can do to help you, and if you do take a rest at His Majesty's expense, I'll keep an eye on Maggie."

Alf shuffled his feet uncomfortably. He did not feel grateful, rather he resented Ferguson's kindness. He found himself again pitted against the superior powers; he was opposed by brains, and it was not fair.

"What's it to do with yer?" he asked suddenly.

"Aren't you a Socialist?"

"I ain't, nothing."

"No, more am I—we'll shake hands on that. Now then, let's come to business. If you like to go out and continue your trade as a vendor of the latest murders and the latest winners"—Alf flinched suddenly, and the colour left his face—"I can give your sister a job here for the next few days as a model. And whilst I'm painting her I'll see if I can't find her a better job at one of the theatres. If you get into trouble—well, you can let me know."

Alf drew an imaginary figure on the floor with his foot. "That sounds all right, guv'nor; but how—how do I know Maggie's all right here with you? You've started dressin' her up already, and—and she looked different somehow to whatever her's done afore."

Ferguson nodded, took the pipe from between his teeth, and scrutinised it carefully. "Yes, she looked different, that's true. I didn't make a mistake," he continued under his breath . . . "she wasn't meant for the gutters."

He rose and caught Alf a hearty smack on the back just as Maggie reappeared clad in her rags. But though pale her cheeks still shone, and her eyes. She glowed outwardly with an inner and spiritual grace.

An inward but visible struggle was taking place within Alf. He still resented the forces that opposed him, because he could not understand them. In spite of Jim Ferguson's brains, he was a fool, he told himself savagely. It was so easy for him to talk and plot and plan in the warmth of his big studio; what did he know of the gutter and gutter life? What did he know of the gutter children?

He had a great bath in which to wash twice a day if he liked, and a woman to bring his meals as often as he liked, and a pipe to smoke all day if he liked, and perhaps three or four suits of clothes to wear; and money that jingled in his pocket—and a front door to lock. And outside that front door he could lock the fog, and the police and the mud and the darkness. Outside that front door he could lock the nameless sins and temptations and hideous suggestions—fire, murder, and sudden death.

"Yer don't understand; how should yer?" Alf cried fiercely. "What d'yer know how the likes of her and me lives?"

"Hush, Alf, hush!" Maggie stood by his side.

He pushed her roughly away, almost brutally; it was her he was thinking for, not himself. "You thinks," he continued, "that if yer pints her and gives her three or four bob and dresses her up in them fal-lals her had on just now, that it'll be easy enough for her to keep clean and str'ight. But you ain't goin' to go on paintin' her all her bloomin' life, are yer? And s'pose when yer've finished her, it's as yer says, and lets her go, what happens to her then, eh? Yer know as well as I do what'll happen to her—she'll have to join one bloomin' army or the other—and one is the Salvation Army, and the other—isn't. She'll have to beat a bloomin' tambourine or break her bloomin' heart . . . what on earth they wanted her for, I don't know—ain't there enough bloomin' women in the world—more than'll go round, anyway. No, I daresay you're str'ight enough, and yer means well, mister, but I ain't goin' to leave her here—her'd get above herself. Yer don't know how we've lived, yer don't; yer mightn't stand there and smile and look so comfortable if yer did; well, we've got to go on livin' like that . . . there was six of us in a room, not a big room, either, as rooms go. Now there'll be only two—me and her—and p'raps a basket of her vi'lets ter keep us company, sometimes."

Ferguson turned away; the unconscious poetry of the boy's rough prose was startling. He leaned against the mantelshelf, and, knocking out his pipe, refilled it.

"Alf, you shouldn't talk so," Maggie said quietly. "If you wants me to go with yer, I'll go, but there ain't no harm in Mr. Ferguson painting me; indeed, it's very kind of him to trouble, I think. And I'm sure it won't matter to him where we lives, when he isn't painting me."

"Yes it will," Alf said obstinately. "I know! They won't never leave us sort alone; they won't never 'low us just to go our own ways; they ain't satisfied 'til they make us good or bad; and I ain't goin' to have yer made either, Maggie."

Maggie shook her head. "I don't see how it matters much, Alf, as long as one does one's best, whichever one is. There's got to be both sorts, hasn't there?"

Ferguson smiled and nodded his head. "Yes, Maggie, as you say, there's got to be both sorts; but I shouldn't worry about that now. I can see Alf's point of view, so I won't say any more. All the same, I'd like you to stop so that I could get on with the picture I started yesterday, and I'd like you to come in every day for the next week or so just for an hour or two. I'll pay you half-a-crown an hour; when my work's done, you can go if you like. And I shall not ask questions, or pry into your affairs, and you'll be quite free to do just as you think fit." He looked straight at Alf. "Now, then, is that a bargain?"

Alf nodded: "Yer talkin' now; yet somehow it don't seem reasonable"—he hesitated and shrugged his shoulders helplessly, then he moved towards the door. "I'd better be gettin' along then, I'm late for the early editions as it is."

He glanced at his sister. "Yer know where to find me, Maggie. I'm always about the same spot." He hesitated as he opened the door, and remained standing with his back to Ferguson. "I'm much obliged for what yer've given us, sir, and if anything happens as—as keeps me out of the way—well, there ain't no one to look after Maggie now, and—and she's only a kid after all, isn't she?"

Before Ferguson could reply the door closed noisily, and Alf had gone.

CHAPTER NINE.
London Reads the News.

Once in the street, Alf, curiously afraid of being again followed by Ferguson, ran very quickly in the direction of the City until he saw Westminster looming through the fog. Then he reduced his pace to a walk, and his thoughts, which had been flying through his head at a terrible rate ever since breakfast, passed more leisurely.

Big Ben boomed the hour; it was not so late after all, and by hurrying along the Embankment to Carmelite Street he would be in time for the early editions of the evening paper. As he passed Scotland Yard, though the fog grew no thicker, the darkness increased; the smoke hung in a yellow-black, impenetrable mass above the City, turning day, though still so young, into the darkness of the night.

Even as Alf walked along beside the noisy river, swirling against the piers and beneath the arches as it rushed hungrily to the sea, bearing the wrack and wreck and driftwood of the City on its bosom, he saw the lights flashing from house and office and garret. Hundreds of red eyes suddenly winked on either side of the stream; against the sullen mass of smoke that hid the sky, letters of fire shrieked the virtue of somebody's pills or somebody's extract of animal.

Darker and darker it grew until one was given the impression that by stretching out one's hand one could touch and hold the darkness; it was thick and stupefying, yet the fog itself hung well above the towers and chimneys, and only here and there at certain street corners the yellowish mist drifted lazily. It was darker than any night, for it was the darkness of the day that, in his lust for gold, man has robbed of sunshine and air.

And so, through the murdered winter's day, the traffic crept heavily and almost noiselessly, with gloomy red-and-white eyes; and people hurried to and fro wrapped in coats and furs, looking neither to the right nor left, but hurrying quickly. The darkness of the day hid ghosts more ghostly than any ghost-ridden night.

They came out from their haunted ruins—the slums and garrets—they crept up from unseen basements, or down from the giddy heights of forgotten garrets, and they swept like a pestilence through the City from east to west, trailing their foul garments behind them, and grinning horribly through the yellow gloom as with lean and hungry fingers they begged and stole and robbed. They were ghosts that feared the daylight and the sunshine; they were ghosts that starved, ghosts that sweated for the rich man whilst they starved. But the hour of darkness was their hour, and whilst the rich and the prosperous cursed the darkness, they hailed it with gratitude, almost delight.

Alf was grateful for the darkness, too; it reminded him that just then the sunlight might have been awful, for he did not want to be seen or recognised by the kindly men of his Majesty's service who took such a deep interest in him and his kind. He wanted to be alone, he wanted time to think quietly and slowly. And at the same time he wanted to earn his living. Before he reached Carmelite Street his quick, receptive brain was acting almost normally. It had been staggered by an avalanche of thoughts and fears; it had been unable to do its work in its accustomed way while under the influence of Ferguson's magnetic eye and Ferguson's extraordinary studio. There, black had become white, and that which had been white looked very grey and dirty.

Alf jingled the money Ferguson had given him in his pocket; his bed had cost him little enough, so goodly silver was still left him—and his stomach was gloriously full. Breakfast glowed within him still; he was still consciously swollen. He tried to look back into the past and remember if he had ever felt so swollen before. He had increased in stature, there was no doubt about that. He drew a deep breath and looked down at himself; probably the gloom was responsible, but he was astonished how big and manly he looked.

What had he to fear? he asked himself. What had he to fear?

Just for an instant he shuddered, but quickly recovered himself; how could others accuse him of a crime he was, as yet, himself unconscious of having committed! Besides, imagination was probably responsible for the fear that haunted him, telling him he had killed his mother.

Matricide! Alf had no use for the word himself, though he knew its meaning, for he had once seen it in print, and had translated it into more homely language. Curiously enough it returned to him now; he whispered it aloud into the darkness—and then he broke into a run again—and called himself a fool.

He had not killed his mother . . . it would take a stronger man than he to do that. He had not even tried to kill her, and on that point his conscience was clear enough. Yet he was tempted to go back to Rockfeller Buildings and find out just what had happened. If he found Ma Druce there she would kill him, that was certain! He laughed, the idea was slightly humorous!

Alive or dead, his mother haunted him; alive or dead, she menaced him. . . . Yet—if he were a matricide!

It was a fine-sounding name . . . lots of fellows might envy him being a matricide! They would probably put his portrait in the papers, and describe his last moments on the scaffold!

(Another long instalment next week.)

"Old Age in Art" this month appears in PEARSON'S MAGAZINE, eight charming tinted pictures there, for sixpence may be seen.

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REV. J. M. DRYERRE writes:

"Gordon Villa, Burnham, Somerset, Nov. 9.

"I have used Kutnow's Powder from time to time with most excellent results, and consider it only fair to acquaint you of the benefit I have experienced from so useful a remedy, which carries out what it is advertised to do."

REV. F. L. BULLEN writes:

"Wellesley, Church Lane, Southampton, Oct. 22.

"I only wish I had tried Kutnow's Powder years ago. In my case it has proved to be an agreeable and gentle aperient, cleansing the liver and kidneys, relieving the brain of any symptoms of pain or discomfort, and regulating generally the whole organic system."

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(PEARSON'S WEEKLY, 9/1/03.)

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and the number of years—Seventy—during which they have steadily held their own, should convince everyone of their sterling virtues. Medical men everywhere acknowledge the excellence of these famous household remedies, and the professional opinion is gratefully endorsed by all who use them. The pills have so gentle yet so prompt and thorough an action that they cleanse and purify the system in the natural, healthful, comforting way that nature prompts and expects. There is no violent purgation, no discomfort, no inconvenience. **HOLLOWAY'S PILLS** correct and regulate the sluggish organs—liver, kidneys, stomach and bowels, and whilst cleansing and correcting, stimulate and strengthen them, so that the recurrence of ailments is minimized. **HOLLOWAY'S PILLS** are supreme in all cases of biliousness, headache, indigestion, depression, "tiredness," and other complaints which arise as a rule, from a Constipated Condition. For females of all ages **HOLLOWAY'S PILLS** are simply invaluable.

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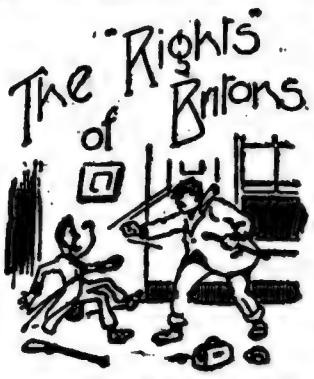
HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT

THE FAMOUS HOUSEHOLD REMEDIES



What You Can Do and be Within the Law.

BRITONS, of course never have been, and never will be—slaves. They are free men, and, as such, possess "rights" and privileges, although exactly what rights they have is not, perhaps, very well known to them.

The liberty of the subject is one of the fundamental principles of English law. In fact, one of the clauses of Magna Charta itself states that right and justice must not be delayed or denied to anyone.

It is, naturally, sometimes necessary to keep alleged wrong-doers in safe custody until they can be tried, but to prevent any serious abuses arising out of this state of affairs the "Habeas Corpus Act" was passed in 1679.

Under this Act, where a person is detained on a criminal charge, and is not brought to trial, or where he is improperly detained by private individuals, anyone has the right on his behalf to apply to a judge for a Writ of Habeas Corpus, which commands the governor of the gaol or the person who detains him, to bring the individual before the court, so that the judge can investigate the reason why he is kept in custody, and, if no good reason is put forward, he has the right to be set at liberty at once.

In modern criminal practice there is little need of the Habeas Corpus procedure. A man, when arrested, is usually brought before a magistrate very speedily. Frequently on the same day, or the day following his arrest. The magistrate inquires into the case, and if he is unable to conclude his investigation at one sitting, he can order remands for not longer than eight days at a stretch, after which the accused is at once committed to take his trial, or acquitted.

Nevertheless, if occasion arises, either in criminal or civil matters, the "Habeas Corpus" can still be set in motion.

"HANDS UP! OR I FIRE."

Every Briton has the right of defending his property and person, and to use such a degree of force as is necessary and reasonable to attain that object. He must not, however, inflict on his assailant an injury out of all proportion to the harm he himself is suffering.

For instance, if a man of herculean stature strikes a little man, the latter is not entitled to shoot his aggressor. If his life is in imminent danger, he would be entitled to kill his assailant, but if he could protect himself by merely maiming his attacker or by threatening to fire, he must choose the milder course. The right of self-defence should be used sparingly. The proper method for the punishment of the aggressor is, of course, by a legal tribunal.

It must not be forgotten, in this connection, that anyone, who, by killing his assailant, takes a course which is considered "unreasonable" or "unnecessary," is liable to be indicted for manslaughter. Cases have arisen where men have been shipwrecked, and in order to save themselves from starvation, they have drawn lots to kill and eat one of their number. Persons who do this are guilty, not of manslaughter, but murder, and it is no defence to show that the victim consented to the course taken.

HOLD ANY OPINIONS YOU CHOOSE.

Another "right" of the Briton is that of holding any opinions he chooses upon any subject or topic on the earth, or off it, and of airing those opinions anywhere and to anyone who cares to listen to him. He can do this to any extent so long as he does not become an actual "nuisance," or cause large crowds to gather, so that the public highways are obstructed; and so long as he keeps his personal remarks within fair limits, and makes no statements regarding other people, which are obviously slanderous.

Closely akin to the right of free speech is the "liberty of the Press," which, interpreted, means that any man is at liberty to read what he chooses, and write what he chooses, provided he does not break the law and infringe the rights of other people.

There is also what is termed the "right of public meeting," which means simply the right of private individuals to assemble and meet together in any place they think fit, provided they are not trespassing or obstructing the public highway. While assembled there, they can say what they please within reason; that is, anything except that which would tend to stir up riots or incite people to commit crimes.

As the law now stands Britons are entitled to hold whatever religious opinions they choose and to observe whatever form of religious worship they like best. A man may be a Mormon if he wishes; but, if he does, he must remember that, should he marry more than one wife, he will be punished for bigamy.

The rights of the Briton stop short at one wife.

JOURNALS RUN BY ANARCHISTS.

THE announcement, made in a coining case the other day, that some copies of a "newspaper," entitled THE RED FLAG OF ANARCHY, had been seized by the police in the East End of London, need not be taken too seriously.

Anarchist "publications" of this kind abound in England, as elsewhere; but, as a rule, their circulation is extremely limited, amounting at most to a score or so of copies. Neither are they, as might be supposed, printed, being mostly either typewritten or reproduced from the actual manuscripts by some form of duplicating machine.

Nor are they sold in the ordinary way, but are passed from hand to hand amongst the members of the few Anarchist groups that still exist in different parts of England. For the most part, these groups do not consist of more than a dozen or so of members, yet each must have its own "organ."

Thus, the Peckham group brings out, irregularly and at lengthy intervals, its BOMB AND DAGGER; the East End comrades publish monthly the ANARCHIST LABOUR LEAF; while from Soho there emanates the curiously titled ATHEISTIC COMMUNISTIC SCORCHER.

It is significant of the downward trend of Anarchical principles in England, however, that not many years back these leaflets were represented by real Anarchist journals, properly printed, and in some cases cleverly edited by people more or less celebrated. Thus, the TORCH was conducted by the Misses Rossetti, relatives of the poet; Prince Kropotkin and Enrico Malatesta were both at one time on the staff of FREEDOM; the SHEFFIELD ANARCHIST was run by a university graduate; while David Nicoll, who for many years filled the editorial chair of the notorious COMMONWEAL, was one of the smartest journalists that ever took up a pen.

CAPTAIN (to the man at the wheel): "Another point a-port, quartermaster."

Lady Passenger: "Goodness gracious! that's the second pint of port he has called for within a few minutes. How those captains drink!"

THEY KNEW HIM.

AT a local football match a week or two ago the referee sent one of the players off the field. The other team had a consultation, which ended in one of their players going off, too.

"There is no need to do that," said the referee. "You can have eleven men, although the other side have but ten."

"Aw know we can," came the reply. "But that mon's not gooin' into the dressing-tent by himself if I know it. We've left our money an' things in theer."

HENRY: "And shall we meet again to-morrow, dear? To-morrow shall I again clasp you in my arms? To-morrow shall we renew——?"

Edith (interrupting him): "Not to-morrow, Henry; to-morrow is our washing day."

BOATS THAT FLY LIKE BIRDS.

OF the building of freak craft there is no end.

The latest example is a flying motor-boat invented by Signor Toronini, of Milan. It is a real boat, but flat-bottomed, and is provided with aluminium wings.

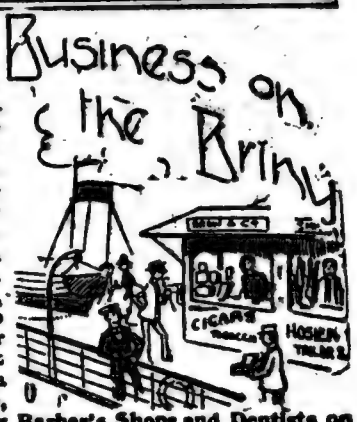
Its engines are immensely more powerful than anything ever before put into a vessel of its size, and these, when worked at full pressure, suffice to raise it completely out of the water, and drive it through the air at a speed variously estimated at from forty to sixty miles an hour.

Another unique type of craft was the unfortunate *Thomas W. Lawson*, lost off the Scilly Islands the other day. Although the largest sailing ship ever launched she was schooner rigged. The result was that she turned turtle, the immense spread of canvas and weight of cordage borne aloft upon her seven masts rendering her top-heavy.

It was said, at the time she was wrecked, that this freak vessel was equipped with a record number of masts. This, however, was by no means the case. There is a ship called the *Grangesberg*, belonging to the Dutch mercantile marine, which boasts of fourteen; while there are at least a score having from nine to eleven apiece.

Whaleback cargo ships are, of course, now fairly common. They look like huge cigars, and had their origin in the peculiar conditions of navigation prevailing in winter time upon the great American lakes. Ships have also been constructed with wheels to run upon the surface of the water like motor-cars, and to skim over it on runners as a sleigh does upon ice.

Perhaps, however, the most extraordinary freak ship ever launched was built to the order of My Lords of the Admiralty for the British Navy. She was christened the *Polyphemus*, and was officially described as a "double screw, steam, combined armour-plated ram and torpedo-boat." In shape, she somewhat resembled a banana, magnified a million-fold; and although she was the laughing-stock of the naval critics of the world, she nevertheless showed the way towards the present submarine, in that she was a semi-submergable—and the first.



Barber's Shops and Dentists on Ocean Liners.

WITHIN a year or two the passage money will be the smallest part of the cost of a trip to America. The first-class passenger will rise, ring for the steward, and order oranges or grape fruit to be sent in from the fruit shop. Then, after his bath, he will stroll down to the barber's shop for his shave, and invest in a new stick, or a patent shaving brush, or one of the many trifles which the barber at sea carries for sale to his customers.

Breakfast over, our passenger goes to the stationer's, and purchases the daily paper printed aboard the ship, with all the latest Marconigram news, and a novel or so to while away his spare time. Making his way towards the deck, his attention may be drawn by the electrically lit and beautifully decorated window of the haberdasher's shop, and he will be tempted with the latest in travelling caps, ties, or socks. Then he keeps his appointment with the dentist.

In the afternoon he finds his cigar-case is empty, so drops in at the tobacconist's, and refills it with choice weeds.

Dinner, of course, is at the *à la carte* restaurant, a beautiful dining-room fitted and furnished like that of the best London hotels. The game, poultry, fish, and fruit are as fresh as they would be in London itself, and the service in every way as perfect.

While he is enjoying his coffee a waiter comes with the theatre plan to ask him if he wishes to book a stall for the evening performance. He pays his half-guinea and goes down to watch the latest comic opera, and the evening is finished with a pleasant little supper party in the same magnificent restaurant in which he dined.

FIRST NIGHTS IN MID-OCEAN.

Honestly, this is no fancy picture. The greater part of it is already realised in the latest of the huge floating hotels that rush across the ocean at nearly thirty miles an hour. The barber's shop, the daily paper, the dentist, are already realities. The *Amerika*, the *Lusitania*, and other great ships have their *à-la carte* restaurants. That on the *Amerika* will seat 120 persons; while the new Cunarders have still larger accommodation. Incidentally, the *Amerika* made £19,000 profit on her first trip.

Even smaller vessels, like the emigrant *Cymric*, are fitted with such special conveniences as a kosher kitchen, where Jewish passengers are specially catered for. Some ships have gymnasiums, others, like the *Empress of Ireland*, have playgrounds for children, where heaps of sand, spades, and buckets enable the youngsters to pretend they are at the seaside.

As for the theatre, Mr. Charles Frohman is actively at work on a plan to produce plays on the larger of the Atlantic liners. When a ship carries two thousand passengers there surely need be no anxiety as to getting a good audience each evening. First nights in mid-ocean will be no novelty within a few years.

PEOPLE WHO LIVE ON LINERS.

Passengers at sea have so much more leisure than when on land that good shops will offer an irresistible attraction, and are bound to yield large returns both to their keepers and to the shipping companies. An enterprising dentist has already found profit in the leisure of his fellow-passengers, and is now making his living travelling up and down between New York and Liverpool.

Why should not tailors do the same? They would find none of the trouble which their fellows do on land in getting customers to come and be tried on. And what a lot of worry it would save a passenger if he could get his outfit for a shooting trip to the Far West made on his way out. Toy shops, sweet shops, chemists, and druggists—all would do a roaring business with two thousand idle customers clustered so close around them.

Already people have taken to living on liners as others do in hotels ashore. A month or two ago there died aboard the Cunarder *Etruria* a Mrs. Elizabeth Rohrbach, who had for years been a permanent passenger aboard the vessel; there would be more of these permanent residents if shops were handy to save them the trouble of going ashore.

And as for currency, if banks are not established aboard the new vessels, the trouble of carrying large sums in cash can be avoided by the system originated by the White Star of "cash checks." These can be purchased for any amount from £2 to £100, and are honoured on presentation either aboard ship or ashore at the companies' agencies. The convenience of these cheques is enormous, and in the past twelve months the sale of them has multiplied by six.

Opening the Druce grave will be interesting, but not as interesting as opening the new NOVEL MAGAZINE.

SERIAL STORY.

The House of Rimmon.

By JOHN K. PROTHERO, Author of "In the Grip of Fate."

PRINCIPAL CHARACTERS IN THE STORY.

Sir Douglas Blythe, a wealthy man and a leading light in the social world, controls Smith & Co., an organisation that sends rotten ships to sea to profit by the insurance money.

Rosalie Blythe, his wife. When her son was born she smuggled him to a fishing village, and he reaches manhood, a common sailor, under the name of Brettal. He learns of his parentage, confronts Sir Douglas, and is mysteriously killed.

Betty is Sir Douglas's niece, and she seems to know more about the murder than her uncle.

Hedley Stuart is the Argus Insurance Company's solicitor. Brettal told him that Smith & Co. purposely destroyed a ship, and stated that Blythe controlled the gang.

Barbara Fleming was engaged to Stuart, but she married his rival, **Conrad Le Patrol.**

Colgrave, Drake, and **Stebbing**, a Jew moneylender, form Sir Douglas Blythe's gang.

Nan Hallam, who is really Natt Drake's sister, and was employed by Stebbing, is rescued from starvation by Stuart, and confided into the keeping of **Peggy Marling**, an artist.

CHAPTER FOURTEEN.

A Modern Spartan.

SIR DOUGLAS had not seen Betty since that night. She had avoided him, and he had not insisted on an interview.

The scene had left a sinister impression upon Stuart. Jerry had accepted the baronet's explanation with an easy credulity that the solicitor was far from sharing. The mystery of Brettal's disappearance seemed more baffling than ever. For that it was the mention of Brettal in connection with Stuart's proposed visit that had inspired the girl with such terror, he was convinced.

Strange to say, Betty filled him with a mistrust, a repulsion almost, such as the baronet had not roused. Stuart's feeling towards that brilliant and inscrutable person being that of a good fighter who rejoices in a foeman worthy of his steel.

He decided to avail himself at the earliest possible moment of an excuse to call at Park Lane. There and there alone he was convinced he would find the key to Brettal's disappearance. The excuse came in the form of an invitation to dinner, which, as aforesaid, the baronet had dispatched.

Stuart's acceptance was as wine to Sir Douglas. The scent of the battle was in his nostrils, he longed for the opportunity to deal the enemy a crushing blow. Like a good general he carefully laid his plans. The removal and manipulation of Bianco's ledger, he entrusted to a tried and skilful follower. Such other manœuvres essential to the success of his campaign fell to his share.

It was necessary first to find the missing bead stolen from his cabinet drawer. Secondly, he must secure the sympathy and the co-operation of Rosalie, his wife. She must receive Stuart with cordiality and exhibit a friendly attitude towards her husband. The execution of this the most difficult piece of strategy he postponed, and set himself to find the missing bead.

He had not neglected to search for that important piece of evidence. Betty's room, with its massive wardrobe and big chest of drawers, had been overhauled time and again by his practised fingers. Cerise's luggage also had been subjected to a like investigation, but in both cases the search had been barren of results. None the less, the baronet was convinced the bead was in Betty's possession. Women, he argued, like the Spartan of old, hugged close their guilt in a false security. The mention of the sailorman, and the fact that he had taken the necklet to Bianco for sale early in the day following Brettal's murder, strengthened this belief. The sailor most certainly was Betty's accomplice, though to what extent had yet to be discovered.

Cerise, as well as her young mistress, came under the baronet's surveillance. One evening after midnight, late returning home, Blythe entered the house by the secret stair. There were times when it was convenient the household should not know of his presence; that night was a case in point. He had been sitting in his den some quarter of an hour enjoying the flavour of a rare cigar, when he caught the rustle of a skirt, the patter of feet along the corridor.

Now, it was a standing rule of the house in Park Lane that, save by special orders, the servants should retire at eleven. When, therefore, Sir Douglas, cautiously opening the door, caught sight of the lithe, alert figure of the French maid, he felt suspicious. She hurried along, a lamp in her hand. Quick as thought the baronet was after her. Stealthy as a panther, he crept down the stairs and gained her side unheard, unseen, as she reached the hall.

At the moment there came a faint rapping at the front door. The flap of the letter-box was rattled three times in quick succession. Cerise darted forward to answer the summons, when with one hand on her arm, the other over her mouth, Sir Douglas intervened.

"Give me the lamp; don't try to struggle or call out. So—into the dining-room, please." He urged his victim along, skilfully applied his handkerchief as a gag, and left her bound and helpless in a chair, with the door locked on the outside.

The rapping at the letter-box was repeated. Softly he unfastened the latch and held the front door open a few inches.

"It's I, Cerise," Betty's voice came from the darkness.

The door was opened wide enough to admit the slim figure. She hastened in, to find herself in the grasp of her uncle!

"You are late," he said, gently switching on the electric light.

She gasped, and fell back against the wall. She was wearing a long, black coat, with a small hat and heavy veil.

"What explanation have you to offer?" he asked, noting her costume.

The girl's breath came quickly.

"I—I have a right to go where I please," she said defiantly.

"Not while you remain in my house. Come I will give you time to think out your answer. We will have a chat in my den. Go first, if you please."

He followed her with a grim smile, noting the backward and half-frightened glance she gave.

"Looking for Cerise?" he said pleasantly. "She's locked up in the dining-room. I'll send her to you later on. Now then"—he set his back against the door—"what have you to say for yourself?"

"Nothing."

"No explanation as to why, when you are supposed to be in bed, you steal out of the house, returning after midnight. Take your coat off, Betty, the room is warm; I don't want another fainting fit." He helped her unfasten the wrap thrown over a white evening dress.

"You must have received a sudden urgent summons," he mused, "or you would have changed your gown. Now, my girl, let us understand each other. Either you answer my questions satisfactorily or, in honour bound, I must inform Jerry—ah, that touches you! I felt sure you'd see reason before long."

"Why should you not tell Jerry? Is it a crime for a woman of five-and-twenty to be out after twelve?"

"If she is engaged to one man, and goes to meet another—yes. Now, don't deny it—I used to think you had some brains. It's stupid to lie, when a lie doesn't deceive. You went to meet a sailor."

"It isn't true," she panted. "It——"

"Oh, spare me your heroics, you little fool; do you forget I've seen Cerise?"

The girl's face, white already, blanched to the lips.

"I'll tell you more—Cerise was delightfully communicative—the sailorman you met to-night you entrusted with the sale of a necklet of gold beads——"

"Ah!" The cry was one of hopeless terror. "You can't prove it," she screamed; "you can't prove it."

"I have proved it. You gave him the necklet for fear it should be found here and bear witness against you. Why? Because you dropped one of its beads beside the murdered man. The bead"—he grasped her by the arm—"is *here*," he cried, and, tearing apart the lace of her bodice, he snatched a tiny packet pinned inside her dress close to her heart.

"So like a woman," he mocked, "so like a woman to hug her secret to her heart in the security of tissue paper. There's the bead"—it lay in the palm of his hand—"there's the link between you, the sailor, and the dead man. And now"—he towered over her, menacing, terrible—"*now* what have you to say to Jerry?"

"You won't tell him," she clung wildly to his knees; "as God's above me, I've been true and faithful to him since we were engaged. You won't tell Jerry, you could not be so cruel. I love him, dear Heaven, how I love him. But if he knew, if he knew"—she rocked herself to and fro. "Men are so hard, so cruel, they want a woman body and soul, past and present. You will not tell him." She rose suddenly to her feet throwing back her hair, which, disarranged in the struggle, hung wildly about her face. "You dare not," she shrieked, "you dare not. Tell Jerry what you've discovered about me and Brettal and—and—I'll give you up to justice as his murderer." She fell back shuddering, her eyes fixed on a spot upon the carpet, dilated with a ghastly fear. "That's his blood," she panted, "his blood that you spilt."

CHAPTER FIFTEEN.

"You breathe but accusation vast and vague."

BETTY'S accusation appealed to the baronet as a masterly stroke of policy. Her outburst of fear had proved his suspicion, that Brettal had played no inconsiderable part in her past life, correct. Her connection with the murder, however, was still a matter of doubt. She had given him no clue to the part she had played, either as principal or accomplice. If he accused her openly of the murder she could retort with considerable effect that in removing the body he was accessory after the fact. His strongest hold over her lay in her fear lest the man she loved should learn of her intrigue—if it was intrigue—with Brettal.

"Do you seriously think I am affected by the ravings of a semi-distraught woman?" he asked contemptuously.

"I saw you," she cried, her eyes distended. "I——"

"Enough of this," he interrupted roughly. "I've had sufficient display of histrionics for to-night. You must listen to the logic of facts. You had good cause to want the man out of the way. There was no reason why *I* should wish him murdered; nor can you prove I had such reason."

"Don't be so sure of that. I have kept silence; I will keep silence for your wife's sake, but don't press me too hard."

Sir Douglas laughed. His anger turned to amusement by her inimitable effrontery.

"You play the game, Betty, but I'm too old a hand to let you score. For the present, because you are the child of my own sister, I shall continue to hold my peace as to the part you played that night. But, if I find you poisoning the minds of others against me, if I find you dropping lying hints as to what you know or what you guess, then whatever be the consequence I'll have the matter thrashed out in the light of day. So much for that part of the business. Now, as to the necklet. How did it come into your possession?"

The girl thought a moment. Then, with a sudden inspiration, answered glibly:

"Brettal gave it to me."

"The string broke, I presume, during your interview?"

"Yes; I found all the beads but the one you've taken from me."

"Why did you wear the necklet that night?"

"I was fond of it—I love pretty things. I used to wear it most nights when I went to bed."

"Did the necklet break after or before you fetched the knife from the library?"

She made no reply.

"Well, I can supply the answer. The next point: Who is the sailor to whom you gave the necklet?"

"A lover of Cerise. I gave her the beads and told her to get them disposed of."

"You have confidence in Cerise and her sweetheart?"

"Oh, yes," she answered listlessly.

"In that case, how did it happen you were compelled to meet the man to-night?"

"He wished to give me the money he received for the beads."

"He could not trust his sweetheart?"

The girl began to tremble.

"Cerise told me a different tale," observed Sir Douglas.

"Cerise was lying. I suppose the man thought there was something strange about the transaction," she went on glibly. "Anyway, I met him to-night. He tried blackmail."

"You paid him?"

"No."

"My dear Betty, you're a clumsy liar. If you did not pay him, why did you go out with a bundle of bank-notes stuffed in your dress?" He stooped and picked up from the floor a packet of notes and paper crushed together in a ball. They had fallen from her bodice in the struggle for the bead.

Like a flash the girl seized the packet and tore the papers and notes in fragments.

The baronet, taken for once by surprise, looked at her strangely. There was a deeper mystery in connection with this clever niece of his than he had thought. Strange suspicions flashed through his brain. Was it possible Betty shared the taste for lawless adventure that burnt in his own blood? Had she by chance been out to-night on a felonous enterprise connected with the gentle art of house-breaking?"

"You're playing a risky game, Betty," he said with meaning.

The girl quailed at the look in his eyes. She had borne herself with a desperate courage, a fierce resolution, throughout the interview. She had lied glibly, cleverly, with unflinching audacity. Now, however, her strength was giving out. She was on the verge of a genuine collapse.

"I've told you the truth," she faltered. "I took the notes in case he should force me to pay him. He——"

Sir Douglas interrupted.

"We'll take the rest as read," he said drily. "That doesn't explain why you tore up the notes. Now, touching Redvers."

"You'll not tell him?" she reiterated.

"Of your former relations with Brettal? For the sake of your reputation and to avoid the scandal and disgrace of the disclosure I shall keep silence on that point."

The girl studied him under her lashes. The words, she thought, betrayed an ignorance of the secret tie that existed between her and the dead man. Was it possible her uncle had been lying all the time? That, after all, he knew nothing of the truth?

"How did you find out he—he knew me?" she asked.

Sir Douglas smiled urbanely.

"Brettal himself was my source of information. He came to see me, as you may guess, to extort money."

"Stuart suggested he blackmailed you for quite another reason."

"Pardon me, I, not Stuart, made the statement; the solicitor knew Brettal had called on me the night of the reception. I invented a plausible reason for his doing so. The man was known to be a blackmailing thief."

She drew in her breath with a little shiver.

"Uncle"—she put her hand on his arm with a sudden rush of emotion. "Uncle, do you think Jerry would forgive me if he knew?"

"Of your connection with Brettal's murder? Yes, it is possible; men forgive all sins save one to the woman they love; of your relations *with* Brettal himself, never. As you observed, a man desires a woman's past should be as immaculate as her present."

A sudden change swept over her mobile face.

"He does not know"—the words all but forced themselves from her lips. "He's been pretending all the time."

"Now, Betty, you realise how matters stand between us. Keep your tongue quiet and I'll keep your counsel. But have a care. Put a strong guard over yourself. Be wary of Stuart, or your liberty's not worth twenty-four hours' purchase. Above all, no more fainting-fits, and—remember, no more midnight *rencontres*. Now go to bed—you're positively hag-like. You must get back your looks if you want to keep your sweetheart."

Silently the girl obeyed, dragging her limbs, heavy as lead, up the staircase.

"Now, why the dickens did she tear up those notes?" mused the baronet. "Betty, my dear, you need watching. Now for the other one downstairs."

Cerise did not throw any light on Betty's proceedings. Amidst a storm of cries and threats, and piteous gestures as to the injuries inflicted on her throat, the waiting maid sobbed out that Mademoiselle Betty had gone to meet Monsieur Gerald. He was a lover, *très comme il faut*; but what would you? He loves the ground Mees Betty walks on, and where love steps in"—Cerise checked her tears—"*la! la! monsieur, à bas les convenances!*"

She finally departed, her wounded pride and aching throat healed with a golden salve, and in her room, gay with prints of la belle Paris, fell into a sound, dreamless sleep.

(*Continued on page 491.*)

In PEARSON'S MAGAZINE the true story is unfurled, how Glidden in his motor went twice around the world.

A MESSAGE TO EVERY SKIN SUFFERER

"Antexema" cures every form of Skin Illness. Why suffer Discomfort, Disfigurement, and Humiliation when "Antexema" will cure you?

We want you to ask yourself two or three plain questions. Why endure discomfort when you can be easy? Why suffer from redness, roughness, or dryness of the skin when you can have it smooth and velvety? Why suffer from maddening irritation when you can at once be free from it? Why be tormented and disfigured by eczema when a complete cure is within your reach? Why let your children have ringworm or some other scalp trouble when "Antexema" will remove the complaint? Why have pimples or blackheads on your face when you can have a clear complexion? Every one of these skin affections and dozens of others are banished by "Antexema." Why then endure ills which can so easily be cured?

Why Suffer from Skin Illness?

There are diseases for which as yet science has discovered no cure, and their victims have, therefore, to suffer and long for a remedy that will alleviate their symptoms and take away their pain. Fortunately for skin sufferers their troubles do not belong to this class In "Antexema" is found a cure for every form of skin illness known to dermatologists. "Antexema" is just as certain as a cure for eczema in its worst, most torturing and disfiguring form, as it is for roughness of the skin, chapped hands, scurfy patches and pimples. "Antexema" may be used with the same confidence for a baby as for an adult, and wherever it is used you know beforehand that a cure will be effected.

The "Antexema" treatment is a thoroughly scientific treatment. It was the great discovery of a leading medical man who studied, investigated, and experimented until at last his efforts were crowned with success. "Antexema" was the result, and the cures it worked in his private practice were so remarkable that he determined to give this great discovery to the whole world. Its success has been marvellous. Time after time our correspondents tell us that they had exhausted every other means in their endeavour to get cured without gaining the least satisfaction. Then they tried "Antexema." The first moment they commenced

Nurses know that "Antexema" is a certain cure for all skin complaints.

with "Antexema" they began to get better. Sleep returned, irritation disappeared, and soon a complete and lasting cure was gained.

Cure Your Skin Illness Now.

If you neglect a dangerous fire you don't put it out, and if you neglect skin illness you don't cure it. The longer skin illness is neglected the harder it is to get cured. Every day you wait you are running risks. To-day your skin is merely red, rough, or irritated. Use "Antexema" at once and the trouble will soon disappear. Delay treatment and eczema, psoriasis, nettlerash, or some other unpleasant skin trouble will have you in its grip. Surely you do not want to run risks of this kind. Surely you wish to avoid the wretchedness and suffering that skin illness inflicts? If so, there is but one wise course for you to follow. Adopt the "Antexema" treatment, and thus drive away every sign of skin illness.

Do you realise the terrible misery caused by skin illness? When you read letters from those who tell us they have suffered with a bad leg for twenty-five years, from eczema for ten years, which has made them ashamed to meet their friends, and that proper, restful sleep has been impossible for

"Antexema" immediately stops irritation and cures chilblains and chaps.

months owing to pain and itching, you will understand how greatly skin illness is to be dreaded. Not only so, but you would immediately take steps to protect yourself from the assaults of skin illness in any of its many forms. You would fly instantly to the one certain cure, "Antexema," and gain present and future freedom from discomfort and humiliation. Remember that the "Antexema" treatment is a truly scientific method, and goes to the very root of the trouble.

Many skin troubles are due to impurity of the blood, and in all such cases "Antexema Granules" should be taken to purify the blood and supply the vital elements that are lacking. "Antexema Granules" embody the virtues of the famous Harrogate mineral springs, and they enable everyone to enjoy their benefits without leaving home. Too much stress cannot be laid on the importance of using the right soap for bath and toilet, and skin sufferers, and, in fact, all who value a healthy skin, should always use "Antexema Soap," which gives you the pine tree's fragrance and antiseptic and healing qualities.

How "Antexema" Cures.

The secret of its curative power is easy to understand. You know that if you have a bad place you like to keep it covered up, and keep dust, dirt, and disease germs from getting in, and that is the "Antexema" principle, only it is carried out in a much better way. The moment you apply "Antexema" the skin absorbs the healing and antiseptic virtues, and an invisible artificial skin is formed over the affected part. This keeps out germs, dust, grit, and everything that can do mischief, and consequently, the place at once commences to get cured, and you soon have a clear, spotless, healthy skin.

Don't Suffer Longer

for "Antexema" is waiting to cure you. But remember that you must adopt the "Antexema" way if you wish to be cured. All Chemists supply "Antexema" at 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d., or post free direct in plain wrapper, 1s. 3d. and 2s. 9d., from the Antexema Company, 83 Castle Road, London, N.W. With every bottle of "Antexema" is enclosed a copy of our interesting family handbook, "Skin Troubles."

NO MORE SKIN ILLNESS

"Antexema"

CURES ALL SKIN TROUBLES

NOTICE! "Antexema" can be obtained of chemists in Australia, New Zealand, Canada, South Africa, India, and all British Dominions.

VIOLIN OUTFITS.

Henry Riley's "College Outfit," comprising excellent Model Stradivarius Violin, Full German Silver Mounted Bow, Full Lined Case, Set of Strings, Rosin, Pitch Pipe, and Instruction Book. Post Free in United Kingdom, 21/6. Full Catalogue Post Free from The Old House,

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Instant relief in Asthma, Bronchitis, Croup, and Whooping Cough by the use of **POTTER'S ASTHMA CURE.** In 1/- tins. Sold everywhere. For FREE SAMPLE send post-card to POTTER & CLARKE, Artillery Lane, London, E. Mention paper.

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Better than Cod Liver Oil.

Real Devonshire Cream (clotted); absolutely pure; no preservatives used; the most efficacious substitute for cod liver oil, invaluable for children and invalids. ½lb., 1/4; 1lb., 2/4; 2lb., 4/4, free; supplied constantly to the Countesses Cadogan, Pembroke, Sefton, Dundonald, Guilford, Lichfield, &c., by

Mrs. Gayers, Bridestow, S.O., Devonshire.

For Throat & Chest.

Take Peps When You Travel.

Many people owe their chronic chest ailments to want of proper attention to slight chills caught when travelling. Draughty trains and railway platforms and exposure to the inclement weather foster coughs and colds.

Peps are an ideal protector and safeguard. To insure protection to the throat and chest against the risks of infection in railway carriages breathe into the lungs the healing and germ-destroying fumes which are released as a Peps tablet dissolves in the mouth. The tender tissues of the throat and chest are easily susceptible to all disease germs; but the Peps fumes impregnate those tissues with their unique healing essences, making the tender skin which lines throat and bronchial tubes invulnerable to disease and chill. Peps are not only a sure safeguard against the risks of chill and infection, but a sure cure for coughs, colds, and other throat and chest troubles.

Of all chemists at 1/1½ and 2/9.

Peps

"A Pine Forest in Every Home"

RHEUMATISM

is one of the most prevalent and most painful of diseases. According to the public testimony of Physicians and patients, thousands of sufferers have been

CURED BY

using Genoform tablets.

RHEUMATISM AND GOUT.

Genoform stops all pain, and cures as nothing else will. You can be sure of relief almost immediately, and need not suffer a day longer.

MODERN MIRACLES.

20 Colvin Road, East Ham, E., February 25th, 1907.

Dear Sir,—Enclosed please find P.O. for 4s. 6d. for which please send me two more tubes of Genoform. The result obtained in the case of my wife is simply marvellous, considering the time she has been bad, and the small quantity of the Genoform taken—20 tablets. After the second tablet practically all pain left her joints. She is more than grateful to Herr Schulz for putting such a splendid medicine on the market.

JAMES BELL.

389 Middlewood Road, Sheffield, October 21, 1907.

Gentlemen,—I had a severe attack of Rheumatism in December, 1903. From that time until February, 1907, my sufferings were terrible. My legs, ankles and feet swollen to an enormous size, as were my arms and hands. In February of this year, as my wife was reading the "News of the World," she exclaimed, "Here is another remedy, suppose you give it a trial." Having tried so many I replied that we could not afford to waste any more money. However, she did get a bottle, and persuaded me to try one dose. Now that first dose so far relieved me of pain that for the first time in three years I was able to secure a reasonable amount of sleep. I continued to take them and found great improvement each week, the swellings went down, the pains vanished. I am free from Rheumatism and in as perfect state of health as any man can expect to be. Thanks to your Genoform, which to me has been worth wealth untold.

(Signed) CHARLES WADDINGTON.

Genoform will prove a blessing in

GOUT, RHEUMATISM, SCIATICA & NEURALGIA.

Genoform Tablets are absolutely harmless, easy to take, and are packed in tubes which can be carried in the pocket. Of all Chemists, and of Boots' Cash Chemists, all Branches, or post free, 1s. 2d. and 2s. 3d., from Sole Agents,

E. J. REID & CO., 17 S Basinghall Street, London, E.C.

Proprietor, FRITZ SCHULZ, Leipzig.

GENOFORM

VARICOSE ULCERS.

Two Severe Cases—of 7 and 17 Years' Duration—Cured by Zam-Buk.

FOR seven years the varicose ulcers of Mrs. Mary Ann Perks, of 159 St. Mary's Road, Upton Park, London, baffled medical treatment and defied ordinary ointments, yet surrendered completely to the invincible healing power of the Zam-Buk treatment.

"For the last seven years," said Mrs. Perks to a pressman, "I have suffered from varicose ulcers. I had at first what seemed to be just a slight rash on my foot. It was of course irritable, and I scratched it.

"A day or two afterwards I noticed that the rash was spreading, and a number of small water blisters forming. These were very painful, and, while walking, my stocking apparently poisoned my foot, for very soon it started to swell and then my leg became much enlarged.

"Soon afterwards sores formed and discharged matter. In alarm I consulted a doctor, but he did me no good whatever. A nurse dressed my leg regularly, but even then there was not the slightest sign of improvement. I suffered terrible agony, and some ointments I tried seemed to burn my flesh like hot iron.

"At last a friend suggested I should try Zam-Buk. I did so, and the very first application was beneficial. Zam-Buk was delightfully soothing, and I could almost feel it healing the sores. After using two or three boxes, my leg was perfectly sound and well.

"Fifteen months have passed since then, and there has not been the slightest sign of any recurrence of the trouble."

THE varicose veins of Mr. Alfred John Goodyer, of 15 Shipton Street, Hackney Road, London, N.E., burst, and resulted in terrible ulcers, which kept him in pain nearly 17 years, defying countless "remedies" and the skilled treatment of several hospitals.

"Seventeen years ago," he said to a London reporter, "I found that the veins of my right leg were becoming very pronounced. Later an accidental blow on the leg caused a vein to burst, and in spite of all I could do it refused to heal. I attended the hospital for months, and got some relief, but as my business compelled me to be on my legs all day, the veins got worse.

"One day I returned home in a dreadful state. A vein had burst, and before I could really see what had happened one of my boots was filled with blood. Again I had to attend the hospital, and as my leg broke out into sores I had to lie up altogether. Walking was impossible. At the hospital they proposed to remove the veins, but I had been so weakened by the loss of blood that the operation was abandoned. I tried innumerable so-called cures, and attended several hospitals, but without obtaining permanent relief. At times I thought I should go mad with pain. At last I tried Zam-Buk, and almost immediately I found the irritation allayed. Gradually the inflammation disappeared and the wound healed. Zam-Buk has cured my leg completely. It is a wonderful balm."

The Only Scientific Skin-Cure.

Zam-Buk allays irritation, reduces inflammation, kills germs, expels all causes of disease, purifies and heals suppurating sores or running wounds, and helps to grow sound flesh and new skin. No skin looks so well, so soft, sound, clear, and healthy as the skin that got its health in the Zam-Buk way.

Zam-Buk is invaluable for eruptions, sores, wounds, ulcers, eczema, psoriasis, ringworm, scalp disease, and piles; for cuts, bruises, burns, scalds, sprains, rheumatism, lumbago, back pains, &c. Of all Chemists, and post free from the Zam-Buk Co., 45 Osnaburgh Street, London, N.W., or C. E. Fulford, Ltd., Leeds, for 1s. 1½d. or 2s. 9d. per box (2s. 9d. box contains nearly four times the 1s. 1½d.)

Zam-Buk

THE SCIENTIFIC SKIN-CURE.

FREE.

Why not start your own skin-treatment now? All you have to do is to post this coupon, with a 1d. stamp, to the Zam-Buk Co., Greek Street, Leeds, who will promptly send you a dainty sample box.
Pearson's Weekly, Jan. 9/08.

THE HOUSEWIFE'S FRIEND.

"VASELINE"

The Everyday Need.

Six Useful Trial Samples, Post Free, 6d.

"Vaseline" is the base of so many preparations for which there is an everyday use. The Trial Sample Set of Six Preparations is intended to introduce you to the many merits of "Vaseline" The "Vaseline" Preparations are sold by all Chemists.

For giving beautiful complexions—for renewing the hair and preventing it falling—for healing all skin troubles—for relieving Rheumatism and Neuralgia—there is a Vaseline preparation for all these and much more—for details see booklet.

Sample boxes contain six articles:—1 Tube White "Vaseline." 1 Tube Capsicum "Vaseline." 1 Tube Pomade "Vaseline." 1 Tin Pure "Vaseline." 1 Tin "Vaseline" Cold Cream. 1 Tin "Vaseline" Camphor Ice.

Send 6d. in Stamps (½d. stamps preferred) to the—

CHESEBROUGH MANUFACTURING CO., Proprietors of "Vaseline."
42 HOLBORN VIADUCT, LONDON, E.C.
And one will be forwarded post free.

"I derived much benefit from SCOTT'S EMULSION when I was

suffering from extreme debility

and could not continue my work, which is that of a Maternity Nurse. I found SCOTT'S EMULSION quite pleasant to take and easy to digest, and shall certainly very highly recommend it. I have been able to resume my work for several months now." Nurse F. O. C. SIMEARDS, Church Aston, Newport, Salop. 29/11/06.

Above is the Proof in the Facts. Here is Proof in the Reason Why:

The old idea, that a medicine could not be much use unless it was nasty, has been exploded once and for all by SCOTT'S Emulsion. For SCOTT'S Emulsion is so agreeable that children and persons of delicate palate quickly grow very fond of it, and at the same time

SCOTT'S Emulsion

has been proved by actual experiment (conducted by independent medical men) to be three times more curative, bulk for bulk, than the plain oil. This is the result of two causes: (1) The finest quality Lofoten cod liver oil of which SCOTT'S is always made; (2) the original, perfected SCOTT process which makes this finest oil perfectly digestible and pleasant. No other emulsion possesses these advantages, and this is why no other emulsion can cure weakness either so surely or so fast as SCOTT'S. Therefore, when purchasing, don't ask for "Emulsion"; ask for and get SCOTT'S EMULSION—the difference between them means a cure for you. Write for a free sample bottle and "The Cry of the Children" (enclose 4d. for postage and name this paper). SCOTT & BOWNE, LTD., 19-21 Stonecutter Street, London, E.C.

See that the Fisherman with the Fish is on the package.

Plantol Soap

represents a new feature in the art of soap-making. It is made from fruit and vegetable oils, and contains no animal fat. Alone, these oils are soothing and emollient. When delicately blended and manufactured into Plantol Soap they act as a balm to the skin.

A TOILET TREASURE.

LEVER BROTHERS, LIMITED, PORT SUNLIGHT, ENGLAND.

The name LEVER on soap is a guarantee of Purity and Excellence.

THINGS A WOMAN WANTS TO KNOW . . .

HOME NOTES PAGE.

CONDUCTED BY ISOBEL . . .

SOME DAINTY DISHES.

Potato Ribbons

For serving with game should be pared round and round, as apples are peeled, keeping the ribbon as long as possible. Next dry them thoroughly in a cloth, place all in a frying-basket, and plunge into boiling lard or oil. When cooked to a golden colour drain well in front of the fire, sprinkle salt over and serve on a napkin. (*Reply to* LASSIE.)

A Quickly-made Sponge Cake.

Beat five fresh eggs and half a pound of caster sugar together till well mixed and frothy. Then add the rind (grated) of a lemon, and five ounces of sifted dried flour; add the last very lightly so as not to beat down the eggs. Bake about three quarters of an hour in a moderate oven and do not open the door for the first twenty minutes.

Turkey Giblets.

A set of giblets must be laid in warm water till well cleansed, dry and cut them in pieces. Put these in a stewpan with some bacon cut up and about a quarter of a pound of rumpsteak also cut into pieces. Add two ounces of butter and let all brown. Then dredge in some flour, add a small onion, a carrot, a turnip all cut in slices, a pinch of sugar, pepper and salt to taste. Stew gently until tender, removing the pieces when ready, the liver and pinions will be cooked first and the gizzard last. Skim off the fat and dish.

Use Haricot Beans

Instead of potatoes with roast joints and you will be delighted with the change. The beans must be first soaked overnight. To a pint of beans placed in a saucepan, add three pints of cold water: when it boils up let the beans simmer gently for two hours, then drain. Place one ounce of fat in a frying-pan and when it is melted mix the beans with it over the fire, then add pepper and salt. When quite hot, sprinkle in a little chopped parsley and serve in a vegetable dish.

Rabbit Brawn.

Blanch a rabbit, and then boil it slowly in well-flavoured stock until the meat slips from the bones. Cut the meat into dice, cut four ounces of boiled bacon also into small cubes. Wet a plain round mould and decorate it with slices of hard boiled egg, and a few slices of ham or tongue cut into fancy shapes. Fill up the mould with the rabbit and bacon, seasoning all with pepper, salt, allspice, and finely chopped parsley. Strain and clear the stock, add half an ounce of gelatine to each pint, and pour over the brawn. Leave till set. Turn out to serve.

THE LATEST SKIRT.

It is of comfortable walking length, of course, for even indoors the truly smart woman does not have trailing draperies, albeit the fashion-papers show such gowns, as worn in drawing-rooms. For outdoor wear, this skirt should well clear the ground all round; but if not intended for walking, it must, even then, plead innocent of a train of any description.

No. 17330. Paper pattern, 6½d., post free from Pattern Department, Pearson's Buildings, Henrietta St., London, W.C.

But first to details, lest, in the practical description it is my duty to give you, I overlook such trifles. You must quote No. 17330 if writing for this paper pattern, the price of which is, by the way, 6½d. Provided you obtain a material upon which the paper pattern can be reversed for cutting-out, four-and-a-quarter yards of double-width fabric will be enough to fashion this five-gore skirt. In any event you would hardly be likely to choose velvet or velveteen, so practically the only other stuff which you are barred is face-cloth. Light-weight tweeds, cashmere, hopsack, voile, or eolienne will any of them come handy for this skirt, and, choose which you will, the effect will undoubtedly be enhanced by a foundation of satin or moirette. Three-and-three-quarter yards of double-width must be obtained for this.

If you are one of those people who find it inconvenient to be minus a pocket, a very good plan is to introduce one into the foundation, at knee-depth, in such a position that it is convenient for the right hand.

CHEERFULNESS COSTS NOTHING.

To most women marriage is a haven of rest where they will be free from worry and care. But there are two cares in matrimony where there is one in single life. If the wife accepts these gracefully and cheerfully, she is a stimulus to her husband; if she complains and worries, the husband will soon become discouraged.

A husband is generally what his wife makes him, and there is nothing that so unfits a man for his business life as a discontented wife at home. Wives should bear this in mind. It costs little to be cheerful, and the gains to be received are far in excess of the actual outlay.

THE DOOR TO OUR FEELINGS.

Every person's feelings have a front door and a side door by which they may be entered. The front door is on the street. Some keep it always open, some keep it latched, some locked, some bolted with a chain that will let you peep in but not get in, and some nail it up, so that nothing can pass its threshold.

This front door leads into a passage which opens into an ante-room, and this into the interior apartments. The side door opens at once into the secret chamber. There is almost always one key to the side door. This is carried for years hidden in a mother's bosom.

Fathers, brothers, sisters, and friends, often, but by no means so universally, have duplicates of it. The wedding-ring conveys a right to one; alas, if none is given with it! Be very careful to whom you trust one of these keys of the side door.

HINTS FOR THE HOME.

After Frying Fish.

Dry it before the fire on sheets of cooking paper just before serving. This will remove any superfluous fat.

Parsnip Wine.

This recipe was given in the issue of December 5th, 1907, so I cannot repeat it again so soon. (*Reply to* BLINT.)

Clean Sultanas Quickly.

Place the fruit in a floured cloth. Tie the ends of the cloth and shake about well for a few minutes, when the stalks will be found to have fallen off and the fruit will be perfectly clean.

Cheese

Is often supposed to be very indigestible food, but for active people, if taken in small quantities, it really is not so, for it makes other foods digest. When cheese is made from new milk it contains the properties of cheese and butter, therefore it is far more wholesome than that made from skim milk.

To Remove Freckles.

I can give you no better recipe than one which has appeared in our columns before. Take one ounce of lemon juice, quarter of a drachm of borax (powdered), and half a drachm of sugar. Mix well and let it stand in a bottle for three days, when it will be fit for use. Rub this mixture on the hands or face occasionally. (*Reply to* N. M. H.)

The Waterproofing for Boots

Which you made before and proved excellent was evidently from the following recipe: Take boiled oil twenty ounces, resin four ounces, sliced beeswax four ounces. Mix these ingredients and place in an earthenware jar, stand in a pot of water on the fire and heat gently till the ingredients are dissolved and thoroughly mixed. (*Reply to* CRAIGIE, Elginshire.)

An Excellent Stucco

Which will adhere to woodwork is made thus: Take one bushel of best stone lime, one pound of yellow ochre, and a quart of brown umber, all in fine powder. Mix these with a sufficient quantity hot (but not boiling) water to a proper thickness and lay the mixture on with a whitewash brush, which should be new. If the wall be quite smooth, one or two coats will suffice, but each must be quite dry before the other is put on. This operation is best carried out in the early spring.

Isobel

THE HOUSE OF RIMMON. *Continued from page 488.*

Not so her mistress. The night through Betty paced the room, or sat with haggard eyes staring before her.

And round her chair, pointing with mocking fingers, leering with hideous mouths, trooped the ghosts, the demons of the past. Their voices deafened her, their eyes burnt into her brain. They whirled about her in a mad dance, crowding in on her they clutched her gown, and one—the ghost of the murdered man—struck at her with an oath. Shuddering, she started to her feet, but the faces, the forms, kept pace with her frenzied rush, hounding her on.

She strove to fight against the horror, forced herself to take a book from the shelf, tried to compose herself to read. In vain; the letters formed themselves into the likeness of the dead man, into the face and features of a terror-stricken woman.

CHAPTER FIFTEEN.
Roses of the World.

Sir Douglas softly closed the door of his wife's boudoir, and with a deprecating look came towards the sofa where she lay. Rosalie was convalescent. The fever had gone, the terrible images of delirium no longer troubled her. But the lassitudes of hopeless, helpless misery lay heavy on her spirit. She had not aged in appearance; Rosalie was of the type that keeps the look of youth unto the end. In a white *negligée* of silk and lace, her thick, brown hair piled high above the broad, white brow, there was no hint of tragedy in face or figure.

Her husband leaned down and kissed her lightly on the cheek. She shrank from the caress, repulsion quivered through every limb..

He sighed, and drew a chair beside her couch.

"Rosalie," he said quietly, "have you nothing to say to me?"

She made no answer. The ready taunt, the barbed and bitter word no longer flashed from her lips; she was crushed into a state of apathy.

"Are you not glad to be back again in your old place, Rosalie? Are you not glad to have left a sick room? Rouse yourself, my wife; remember that your grief is great, another besides yourself shares the sorrow. Are you so hard you cannot spare a word of love or fellowship—to the father of your dead boy?"

She shuddered, drawing her wraps closer about her, shrinking even from his voice.

"Have you no feeling for me? My only son is dead." The dignity, the sorrow conveyed in the words startled her. She raised herself on her elbow studying him with large and mournful eyes.

"You do not grieve for him," she said at last, "you—you—killed my son."

"You shall not say it." He rose and stood before her. "I have borne much from you; I have endured in patience your accusations, vile as they have been. But this is more than any man could or should suffer from his wife—you stole my son from me; you hid him in obscurity, had him reared with boorish and uncultivated people. You deprived him, most unnatural woman, of the love and care of a mother, the guidance of a father. Fate and my own ability defeated your ends. I met my son, I accepted him, I meant to do my best for him. Then, like a bolt from the blue, came his assassination, and your illness. On my shoulders rested the onus of avoiding the scandal consequent on a public inquiry as to how he met his death. On my shoulders rested the brunt of explaining your delirious accusations and delusions. I had no time for grief, self-pity, or commiseration. I waited, thinking—how falsely—I should get both from you, my wife, his mother. But you, more stubborn, hard than hammered iron, offer me stone for bread. You have levelled at me such an accusation as chills my heart's blood. You shall not say that thing again. I will not suffer it. You have threatened time and again to leave my house and me. Now listen—say again I murdered him, and we part on the instant, never to meet again. You hear me?" He bent down and laid his hand on her arm.

"How dare you?" he said under his breath, "how dare you?"

His voice was like the sting of a whip, cold, pitiless, his words cut to the very soul. Rosalie stared at him, unbelieving. That he should place her in the dock, deliver judgment, threaten banishment, was incredible. Always he had been gentle with her, tolerant of her fierce outbreaks, infinitely tender, solicitous of her comfort. This stern, hard man was not the husband she had known and sorrowed over. She moved to a sitting posture—it was significant he did not attempt to help her—and put her hand to her head. For so long she had endured the knowledge that her husband's life was evil that the thought he might not be guilty of his last most monstrous act was at first impossible to grasp.

"You are so bad, so wicked," she said childishly, "you have it in you to do anything."

"I cannot alter your opinion of me, Rosalie, but I can and will restrain you from expressing that opinion."

"Douglas"—she lowered her voice—"did you kill the boy?"

"Still harping on that string? Have you forgotten those first months of our marriage? Have you forgotten the adoration, the worship I gave you, that you can ask this thing?"

"Then—then, who," she cried, "who in this world would do it?"

"I cannot tell you. But this I know, the man or woman who killed my son, sooner or later, shall die, and by my hand."

(Another long instalment next week.)

FOR THE BEST

FOOTBALL REPORTS

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On the first of January a new year and a new NOVEL MAGAZINE burst simultaneously upon a waiting world.

The Editor Wishes Every Reader A Happy New Year.

Your Fault, Entirely!

MANY readers have written to this office lately complaining that it has been impossible to obtain a copy of *Pearson's Weekly*—the paper has been sold out. The editor wants to state once more that this complaint on the part of regular readers is quite absurd. *Pearson's Weekly* need never be out of print to the man or woman who wants it every week.

The fault does not lie with the publisher nor with the newsagent. The fault lies entirely with the reader, because he will not GIVE A CONTINUOUS ORDER. It is such an easy thing to say to a newsagent, "Send or keep for me a copy of *Pearson's Weekly* every week," and yet many people won't go to that little trouble.

If you buy your paper at one shop one week and at another shop the next week, how is it possible for a poor tradesman to gauge supply and demand? He cannot do it. Copies of a paper left on his hands—copies which he thinks he is going to sell to you but does not—are so much money lost to him. Order a regular copy.

Popular Topics.

ALMOST every week some topic crops up in this column which seems to possess an especial attraction for a large number of my readers. I am inundated with shoals of interesting letters of which, alas! lack of space forbids my using more than two or three. The question of the respective power of a long and a short chisel, and the origin of "tinker's damn" are two excellent examples. In each case I have had several complaints from correspondents because I have not published their letters. I am sorry, but Page 16 only consists of three columns, and there are so many inquiries to be dealt with that I cannot devote more than its fair share of space to any particular topic. I mention this chiefly on account of the large number of replies which good-natured ladies have sent me in response to my correspondent's question as to why buttonholes in blouses were cut up and down instead of across. Needless to say, I am pleased and interested to hear from any of my readers, but I hope those whose letters I am unable to notice on this page will not be disappointed or indignant. It is not that they are of insufficient interest, but, as I said before, merely because space forbids.

Ladies on Buttonholes.

AND now let us turn to the mystery of the unfastened blouse. In the first place, all my correspondents, except one, agree that the manner in which the buttonholes are cut is responsible for the frequency with which the buttons come undone. The exception is M. M., who clings to the theory that the present shape represents the survival of the fittest, and that until some obliging genius comes along with a patent spring fastener, ladies will have to—well, shall we say, "smile and put up with it?" Most of my other informants, however, declare that the real explanation of the vertical buttonhole is the narrowness of the hem. "If the hem were made broad enough to admit of horizontal buttonholes," says B. K., "this would necessitate a broader false hem to conceal them, and would not look nice, which would never do, as you will agree." A. D. M., on the other hand, will not admit this, but declares that the custom is due to the ignorance or stupidity of the average dressmaker. RAH, who belongs to the condemned profession, counters with the retort that she always makes horizontal buttonholes, unless her customers are silly enough to desire the other variety, and that they are just as easy or even easier to fasten. She herself has thirteen on her own blouse, and, despite the unluckiness of the number,, "can do them up in two minutes without getting into any comical position." This assertion is supported by the somewhat similar experience of JEANNE, and, in summing up the matter, we may conclude, I think, that unless ladies are afraid that the extra breadth of the hem will ruin the back view of some delicate "creation," they would be well advised to cast custom aside and adopt the horizontal buttonhole.

Is Stammering Infectious?

R. T. M. sends me an interesting letter advancing the view that stammering is infectious. He quotes a case which has come before his own notice. "I was introduced by a friend," he writes, "to a gentleman whom we will call Mr. A., and though I noticed that the latter spoke slowly and very distinctly, it was apparent at times that he had a slight impediment in his speech. I remarked on this to my friend after Mr. A. had left us, and he related the following curious story: 'When,' said he, 'Mr. A. was a boy, his parents took him for a holiday to a litle country place some distance from the city in which they lived. During this visit he became acquainted with another boy of about his own age, and the two played together. Now, this poor boy stammered fearfully, and, strange to relate, he so affected the other that from that day to this Mr. A. has never been able to speak without stammering.'"——I have heard of two similar cases to this, R. T. M., but I don't think it is very common. If a person has a very sensitive, receptive sort of temperament, there is no doubt that he is liable to pick up tricks and mannerisms from those with whom he associates, and to anyone of this type, stammering would, no doubt, be infectious. That it is not so in the majority of cases, however, is clearly proved by the fact that in most schools there is a stuttering boy or girl, whose unfortunate impediment has no effect upon the rest of the pupils.

A Way they have in Roumania.

"HAVING lived some years in Roumania," writes E. J., "I learnt something of their mode of dealing with servants. My Saxon maid carried a book about with her containing her portrait (taken by the police), and in which each succeeding mistress had written her character, with the dates of her coming and going. Should she have to go out after dark, the police might demand to see her book, and if she carried a parcel, the contents might be inspected. Do you not think it would be well for some such method to be introduced into Britain?"——I am afraid I cannot agree with you, E. J. Were I a servant, I should strongly resent being compelled to carry about my portrait and character to show to every officious policeman who chose to stop me, and I should think every girl with any spirit or self-respect would feel the same. We British people justly pride ourselves on our liberty, and I fail to see why domestic servants should be treated as though they were on ticket-of-leave. It is difficult enough to get bright and intelligent girls as it is, and I should say that the introduction of Roumanian methods would effectually dry up the small supply left. Besides, to look at it from a lighter point of view, Mary Ann and the policeman already see quite enough of each other.

Carnivorous Slugs.

I HAVE had a most interesting letter from a correspondent, who signs himself, SLUG. He incloses a cutting dealing with the adventures of a certain Reading gentleman, who, with the assistance of lettuce leaves, pieces of board, and a little ingenuity raked in a bag of 14,470 slugs from his back garden between July and November. "This cutting," writes my correspondent, "reminds me of a curious thing I saw last year. It was a slug in the act of swallowing a worm—the latter being halfway down the slug's throat when I saw it. I don't know whether this is a common occurrence, and I rather wondered whether any of your readers had ever witnessed such a thing. Until then I was under the impression that slugs lived on green stuff only."——I also have long laboured under the impression that slugs were confirmed vegetarians. Perhaps the tragic incident you witnessed was not a meal, but a duel. It may be that the slug and the worm had both fallen in love with the same earwig, and you arrived on the scene just in time to see the slug venting his murderous jealousy upon his successful rival. If this is the case we can only hope that the slug died of indigestion, and that the earwig for ever cherished the memory of her handsome but ill-fated lover.

Wanted a Reading Cure.

H. W. T. writes to me in desperation. It appears that he has fallen a victim to an incurable craving for reading. Just as some men ruin their lives and health by an excessive devotion to cigarettes or whiskies and sodas, H. W. T. is spoiling his chances by his mad passion for print. "I read everything," he declares. "It is becoming a perfect mania with me, and is keeping me back in my business. I have tried stopping my papers, but all in vain. It only makes me read bits I pick up elsewhere. I am always stopping to read hoarding contents, railway notices, auction bills, and every other bit of public printing I come across. I want a radical cure. Can you give me one?"——I am sorry, H. W. T., but I am afraid there is no convenient mixture "to be taken three times a day," which will set you free from your complaint. After all, yours is not such a desperate case. Surely you can muster up sufficient strength of mind to prevent your fondness for reading from interfering with your business. Suppose you make a point of giving a penny to the Fresh Air Fund every time you pick up a paper. I expect that will soon begin to have an effect. As for your partiality for railway notices and other exciting outdoor literature—well, all you have to do is to keep your eyes cast down whenever business takes you into the street. In addition to saving your time, you will thus earn a reputation for modesty, which will, no doubt, make you widely respected.

An All-round Enthusiast.

As I said a week or so ago, the pleasantest part of an editor's work is reading the kind and complimentary letters which many of his readers are good enough to send him. I am happy to think that, in this respect, I am particularly fortunate, for I doubt if any editor's post-bag contains more agreeable communications than mine. Readers are constantly sending along a line to tell me how much they appreciate one or other feature of the paper. I seldom publish any of these for fear of appearing guilty of blowing my own trumpet too loudly, but H. E. L. sends me such a novel reason for his affection for *P.W.*, that I cannot refrain from putting it into print. "Every morning before I go out," he writes, "I put the previous week's issue of *P.W.* under my waistcoat at the back. The fact of the buttons being fastened in front effectually prevents it from slipping. I repeat this operation each day during the cold weather, from October to May. I may mention that since I started doing so I have never had a cold."——That *P.W.* is good for the mind all our readers, of course, know, but my thanks are due to you, H. E. L., for showing us that it is equally valuable to the body. After the publication of this, I fully expect there will be a big slump in the old-fashioned red-flannel chest-protector. The cerise coloured *P.W.* will obviously supply its place, and the wearer will be able to declare in all truth that *Pearson's Weekly* is the paper nearest his heart.

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PROVIDED ALSO, that the said sum shall be paid to the legal representative of such person injured, should death result from such accident within three calendar months thereafter, and that notice of the accident be given within three days of its occurrence.

£100 In the event of a person having the current number of *Pearson's Weekly* on him, or her, at the time of being killed by a railway accident in the United Kingdom, although not *by an accident to any train in which he or she may be travelling as a passenger*, the next-of-kin of the deceased will receive the sum of ONE HUNDRED POUNDS, whether the coupon be signed or not, provided notice in every case be given to THE OCEAN ACCIDENT AND GUARANTEE CORPORATION, LIMITED, 36 to 44 Moorgate Street, London, E.C., within seven days from the occurrence of the accident.

One Hundred Pounds will be paid to whomsoever the Editor of *Pearson's Weekly* may decide to be the Next-of-kin of any cyclist who meets his death by accident while actually riding a cycle, provided that deceased at the time of such accident had in his, or her, possession the Insurance Coupon on this page, or the paper in which it is, with his, or her, usual signature, written in ink or pencil, on the space provided at the foot, and that death occurred within twenty-four hours thereafter, and that notice was given of such accident to the said Corporation at above address within three days of its occurrence. This paper may be left at his, or her, place of abode, so long as the coupon is signed.

The above conditions are of the essence of the contract.

This insurance holds good for the current week of issue only, and entitles the holder to the benefit of, and is subject to the conditions of, the "Ocean Accident and Guarantee Company, Limited, Act," 1890. Risks Nos. 2 and 3.

The Purchase of this Publication is admitted to be the payment of a Premium under Sect. 33 of the Act. A Print of the Act can be seen at the office of this Journal, or of the said corporation. No person can recover on more than one Coupon Ticket of this paper in respect of the same risk.

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Signature.....

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Note.—A pen-knife will be awarded to each reader whose letter is dealt with on this page or whose suggestion for a title is used.

Railways Going Begging

Out-of-Work Lines that are Rotting Away.

If it be considered that before any important railway can be made the authorisation of Parliament—a long and costly process—must be obtained, that the construction of a railway, including the purchase of land, entails an expenditure of many thousands of pounds per mile, and that the big trunk systems are voracious in their appetites for swallowing up the smaller lines promoted independently, it seems incredible that a railway, once built, and worked for a number of years, should ever fall upon such evil days as to lead to its abandonment, without a hand being put forward to save it. Think, too, of the inconvenience inflicted upon a district which has been served by a railway for many years, and which wakes up one morning to find these facilities vanished.

Derelict railways are few in number, and, perhaps, the queerest instance is furnished by the "Potteries, Shrewsbury, and North Wales Junction Railway," which disappeared from "Bradshaw" nearly thirty years ago, although very tangible vestiges of the line are still extant, and may be explored any day by the curious in quest of a novel experience.

A DOZEN PASSENGERS A DAY.

The "Potteries" railway, to give it its shorter title, was no small concern. It was the property of a joint stock company, with a capital of two or three millions. It possessed a solidly engineered, standard-gauge main line, eighteen miles in length, together with two branches, respectively four miles and two and a half miles long. It owned locomotives, carriages, goods waggons, repair shops, and fourteen stations. In short, it was a thoroughly equipped line of railway, lacking in nothing save the custom necessary to make it a dividend-earning enterprise.

The railway was opened in the year 1864, and maintained a service of about a dozen passengers per day, together with a considerable mineral traffic, till June 21st, 1880, on which date it was summarily closed by order of the Board of Trade as unsafe, greatly to the astonishment and dismay of residents and traders in the district affected, who found their communication with the outside world stopped suddenly and without notice.

TUMBLE-DOWN SIGNAL BOXES.

From that day to this the line has never been resuscitated. However, the really extraordinary feature about the story is the fact that, while the locomotives and rolling stock were at once seized and sold by pressing creditors, no attempt was made either by creditors or directors to dispose of the permanent way or remaining items of plant.

The directors, sanguine of being soon in a position to recommence working, left things just as they were; so for the past twenty-six years rails, sleepers, stations, signal boxes, signals, water cranes, crossing gates, bridges, and so on, have been rotting and rusting away. One can walk for miles over the deserted railway—along high embankments, which have slipped away in places, leaving the rails suspended in mid-air, scrambling through cuttings choked up with bramble bushes, cautiously picking one's way over "under" bridges, the floors of which have almost gone; tramping past dilapidated stations, whose booking-offices were raided years ago by small boys for the tickets; entering tumble-down signal boxes and swarming up tipsy-leaning signal posts, while constantly warned by half-obliterated notice-boards to refrain from trespassing and beware of ghostly trains.

A THREE-SPAN BRIDGE WASTED.

It is impossible to convey in words an adequate description of the strange impression which a visit to this derelict railway exerts. One is amazed at such a fate befalling an undertaking which must have cost hundreds of thousands of pounds, and on which the most important engineering feature is a great three-span iron girder bridge, 200 yards in length, across the River Severn—a structure which in its original condition would not have disgraced the North-Western main line.

Another but smaller line of railway has recently disappeared from the pages of "Bradshaw" for the same reasons which led to the closure of the "Potteries" line, viz., lack of funds to execute the repairs enjoined by the Board of Trade. The latest unfortunate is known as the Mawddwy Railway, which extends from Cemmes Road, a station on the Cambrian line, and not far from Barmouth, to the little Welsh town of Mawddwy, a distance of seven miles. This line was opened in 1888, and was working till a year or so back.

More than thirty years ago the Government gave a grant towards the construction of a railway between Parsonstown and Portumna Bridge, on the River Shannon. The little Irish line, twelve miles long, cost £90,000, and promised to be a great boon to the locality. The Board of Works Commissioners leased the line to the Great Southern and Western Company, with whose system it connected at Parsonstown. The big company, fearing that if the property proved remunerative it might be extended to join up with a rival, apparently starved the line by furnishing an inadequate train service. Consequently, the railway failed to pay its way, and after ten years had elapsed, when the Great Southern Company declined to purchase it for a nominal sum, the working came to an end, because for some inexplicable reason the Board of Works refused to allow anyone else to work it independently.

While the authorities were wrangling among themselves the natives looted the idle railway, "lock, stock, and barrel." Fences, rails, sleepers, bolts, keys, signals, switches, and so forth, were eagerly plundered, the crowning act being the complete disappearance of the well-appointed station at Portumna Bridge in the course of a single night. Everything, in short, vanished, till nothing remained to tell the tale of a line having existed except the embankments, cuttings, and open stretches of track, though the latter, too, were undermined in many places by cuttings for peat fuel.

Stay, however, there still remains, we believe, an iron girder bridge of six spans, crossing a river near Parsonstown. The owner of the land, finding the structure very convenient for his cattle, successfully drove off the would-be despoilers. The division of the other spoils gave rise to several fierce faction fights. Thus the country was deprived of a railway to which the district itself had contributed £60,000.

THE DESERTED VILLAGE.

For a long period of years the Ebbw Vale Steel, Iron, and Coal Company worked the iron mines on the beautiful Brendon Hills, in Somersetshire, and conveyed the ore to the coast over the West Somerset Mineral Railway, which runs from Watchett to Combe Row, at the foot of the hills, thence ascending the range by means of an inclined plane of one in four, from the summit of which the line continues to a once popular mining village, named Brendon. During the summer passenger trains used to be run over the line, which is eleven and a half miles long, for the convenience of tourists.

The discovery that the same kind of ore could be procured cheaper from Spain led to the ruin of the industry. Brendon became a deserted village, and with the recent removal of their private rolling stock, with which the Ebbw Vale Company formerly worked the line, the West Somerset Mineral Railway has joined the roll of the derelict. No traffic is now carried on this erstwhile prosperous line, which is fast falling into a state of picturesque disrepair.

Till quite recently a short length of derelict railway, together with an abandoned, good-sized terminal station, existed close to London—the District Company's branch from Osterley to Hounslow Town, the latter being the station in question. When the company underwent reorganisation, preparatory to the electrification of the Metropolitan-District lines, these idle facilities were restored to use, the chairman remarking that it reflected grave discredit upon the company for it to have shut down for years a station which forms the most conspicuous building in the high street of a popular suburb.

RAILWAY LINE AS MUSHROOM BED.

A railway tunnel in Edinburgh, by which the Perth and Dundee line formerly gained access to the Waverley station, was abandoned some years ago, consequent upon the construction of a better-graded avoiding line. Then an ingenious person conceived the idea of leasing the tunnel, which is three-quarters of a mile long, and growing mushrooms in it. The venture has turned out a great success. What used to be the "up" line is kept clear for the passage of trucks, while the place of the "down" line is occupied by a series of mushroom beds.

Lastly, mention should be made of the Hampton branch, six and a half miles long, of the Midland Railway, the time-table of which, consisting of one passenger train per day in either direction, occupies the smallest space allotted to any district section of railway in "Bradshaw." This line once formed a connecting link of the utmost importance. It is a relic of the days when the London and Birmingham Railway formed the only route to the North, and travellers bound for Leeds, York, and Scotland had to travel by it as far as Hampton, where they could change into a North Midland train, which conveyed them on to Derby *viâ* Whitacre Junction, on the line between Birmingham and Derby.

Therefore, in those days this little line had a heavy traffic; but as soon as the Midland system proper and the Great Northern Railway came into existence it dropped into obscurity. At the present day there is practically no traffic on this sawn-off little railway, and the two trains, which operate early in the morning, are run mainly for the purpose of preventing the company's statutory powers from lapsing.

"WHAT is a finishing school?"

"It is a place where girls who have any lingering respect for their parents go to have it removed."

Anyone can do it with a few pounds.

Practically everyone who wishes to invest money to make a large profit invests it in such Stock Exchange securities as he believes, from information he has acquired, to be on the point of rising in value. If his information is borne out by the result he secures a large profit, and goes away thinking that the art of making money rapidly is the easiest in the world.

But to this practice there is the distinct drawback that his information may be wrong. The stock falls, and instead of earning a fortune he loses his capital. The fall may be due to circumstances quite unexpected, the information he has been relying upon may have been deliberately set about in the first place by someone interested in seeing these particular shares taken up by members of the public. At any rate it is, as we well know, an undoubted fact, that sometimes the most cute financiers on 'Change who possess "inside" information, and who have their hands on most of the strings, are frequently in error as to whether certain shares are going to rise or fall, and meet with disaster; how much more likely, then, is it that the ordinary small investor—who has not made the study of Finance and Stock Exchange movements the pursuit of his life—will in many cases be unsuccessful in the choice of his investment securities.

A BARRIER OVERCOME.

This difficulty has now been overcome. The method is a simple one—so simple that it really would seem extraordinary that it had never been thought of before, were it not that, as everyone knows, the same thing might be said of almost every one of the great inventions and discoveries that have revolutionised modern habits of living.

We do not, however, propose to describe in this article this new system; that is thoroughly done in an explanatory pamphlet which, as you will see in the following paragraphs, may be obtained free of all charge by every reader of this journal. Suffice it to say here that by investing in this new and improved principle it becomes a matter of complete indifference to you whether the stock rises or whether it falls, you secure a profit either way; all that you have to do is to see that it is not one of those securities—and these are easily evaded—which do not fluctuate at all, but remain unaffected by periods of depression or seasons of inflation.

Readers of *Pearson's Weekly* will undoubtedly be glad to hear of this the very latest form of money making, the more so seeing that it is open to everyone who has only a few pounds; and, astonishing as it may seem, has reduced money-making to such a simple matter that the investor makes money whether a rise or a fall takes place.

EARNING FORTUNES "BOTH WAYS."

All the would-be investor has to do is to select a stock which is subject to fluctuating influences. There are many such, indeed the majority of Stock Exchange securities possess this quality. Then by obtaining what is called a "double option" on this stock he secures a profit whichever way the stock in question moves. Let it drop three or four points—a profit is his; let it rise three or four points, a precisely similar profit is his again. Whether prices are good or bad the investor who uses these methods scores. He scores from a boom and he scores from a slump.

This method of investment is explained in full in a pamphlet issued by the Stock Exchange and Banking Co. Ltd., of 20 Great Winchester Street, London, E.C.

If you will write to the offices of this Company, mentioning *Pearson's Weekly*, a copy of this most interesting publication, called "Double Options," will be sent you gratis and post free.

You will just see how you can invest from £5 upwards on the Stock Exchange with the opportunity of securing 100 per cent., 200 per cent., or even 400 per cent. profit within a very short time.

Select any stock in which the price varies frequently. To-morrow it may have risen or fallen several points. In each case you will have secured a large profit and that within a few hours.

It is generally admitted, and readers will agree, that this method of investment forms at once the safest and most rapid means of securing a large return from small capital. Without any expert knowledge being required, £100 or so can be cleared in this way with the utmost ease. You invest your money, you secure your profits whether the fortune that overtakes your securities is favourable or the reverse. What could you want more? Write at once for presentation copy of explanatory pamphlet, called "Double Options," to the Stock Exchange and Banking Co., Ltd., 20 Great Winchester Street, London, E.C. It will be sent to applicants post free.—[Advt.]

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THE FIRST DAY

About a Fateful New Year's Resolution.

By OLIVER MERLAND.

I.

IF the mist rose!

The man's heart seemed to cease to beat for a second as the thought flashed on him. He stopped short in his run, and stood, his hand pressed to his side, listening intently and straining his eyes. He could see nothing. The grey, floating opaqueness which choked the air was more like an exhalation from the ground than anything from above. It shut out the sight of the sky where the stars were shining, and it concealed the expanse of the great moor.

The prison itself, like everything else, was invisible to the man whose every thought was haunted by the recollection of it. He hoped it was a long way behind him now; but the shadow and the fear it had cast on him hung over him still, gloomier and more oppressive than the mist.

"I've beaten them!" he told himself. "I've done it. The New Year's going to bring me some good luck after all!"

He laughed, but it was not a pleasant laugh. There was something tigerish about him as he half-crouched on the moor, listening, trying to see. He was a young man, but his face was white and fierce, and his eyes were hard and dangerous.

His fair hair, cropped close to his head, gave him, somehow, the aspect of an animal which had escaped from a cage. And the grey and yellow garb, with its broad-arrow brandings, which even the mist which drifted near it refused to wholly hide, showed very clearly what sort of a cage it was from which he had broken loose.

As long as the mist protected him he had a chance of getting off altogether—a desperate one, at best, but still a chance. But if the mist rose, it would be all over with him. The light of the stars would be sufficient to betray him to the men who were so eager to run him down.

And it was New Year's Eve.

George Brambleton clenched his hands as he resumed his rush over the moor. New Year's Eve, and he was being hunted like a dog. He was an escaped felon. He had been an inmate of the prison on the moor for three years. Once——

No; he did not wish to think of the past. It was all dead—all blotted out, or nearly, by a heavier mist than that which environed him now.

He had been "a jolly good fellow," with bright prospects and a host of so-called friends, and there had been a girl who loved him. And "jolly fellowship" had led to temptation, and temptation to something worse; and all the host of friends had disappeared abruptly. There had only remained the girl.

She was the only one who had not deserted him. She had come to see him in the cells after he had been sentenced, and put her hands in his and told him that she loved him in spite of everything, and she had promised she would be true and wait for him until his release.

Then he had been sent to prison on the moor, and slowly, surely, the iron of the prison had eaten into him. The warders had been afraid of him, and had whispered that he would do something desperate if he got a chance. The horror which had fallen on him when he heard his sentence had changed into a savage, unavailing hatred of the inevitable.

The thought of Lilian Ware had grown very dim. The very memory of her had become shadowy and blurred. What was the use of thinking of and remembering her? She was so far off. The prison walls were between for years. Probably she had forgotten him long ago.

So he had told himself. And as he had allowed the memory of the girl to fade away, his heart had grown harder and his soul more bitter. He had thought of himself—only of himself and of the bars which held him. He had come to realise the feelings of a trapped rat.

Then, when he was working with a gang engaged on constructing a road over the moor, his chance had come. The mist had fallen suddenly, and there had been an accident—a cart had blundered into a ditch and gone over. In the confusion he had bolted. So far he had shaken his pursuers off.

And to-morrow—the to-morrow which the passing of a few brief hours would change into the present—would be for millions of men and women the beginning of a new year of hope, of fresh courage and resolution. And for him? He snapped his teeth savagely. He would not spend the first day of the new year in prison, anyway.

II.

WHAT was that?

He had been running as fast as he could, but he abruptly changed his pace into a cautious, stealthy walk. Every nerve in his body was like a taut wire, quivering. His finger-nails were driven into his palms so deep as to draw blood. The pupils of his eyes were contracted.

He was sure he had heard a sound near him. He paused, listening again, trying to see.

A dimly-outlined, blurred figure was before him. It was like the ghost of someone he had known.

"George!"

She knew him before he recognised her. Not the mist nor even his felon's dress, nor the change which had come over him, had power to hide his identity from her. She held out her hands to him eagerly, repeated his name in a quick, tremulous whisper. He knew rather than saw that her eyes were shining.

"George! Oh, my dear, it's really you—and I thought we were so far apart and we were so near all the time! Don't you know me?"

She would have put her arms around him and held up her face to his; but he thrust her back roughly.

"Be quiet!" he said, his suppressed tones harsh with fear for himself. "If the men who are hunting me hear you, I am lost. Are you mad or a fool? Or"—he shot out a hand and gripped her arm—"are you a traitress? Are you plotting to sell me? How do you come here?"

He hurt her, his grasp was so rough and hard; but she did not cry out. His face was so dark and threatening that she shrank from him—almost. She touched him again with her free hand, and answered him so softly that he had to bend forward to catch her words.

She felt his hot breath on her cheek.

"You are excited, and don't know what you are saying, George," she said. "I believe you don't know me. I am Lily, Lily, Lily! Do you understand? Why do you look at me as if you had forgotten?"

"How do you come to be here?" he asked, tightening his grasp. "I thought you were in London."

"I was; but I've been working very hard, and—and I could not bear to be so far away from you always. And so I thought I would come to the moor on New Year's Eve, to be nearer to you, if only for a little while. I thought it might bring a little hope to you—that you might guess that I was nearer to you. But the mist came—the mist came, and——"

She faltered as she fought against her fear of the man she did not know in his present mood. The cruel fingers on her arm made her wince. Brambleton did not know how pitilessly he was holding her.

"How do I know you're telling the truth?" he said. "Look me in the face, as well as this wretched mist will let you, and say if you've been paid to find me and give me up!"

She did not answer him this time. She only stared at him dumbly.

He could just make out her white face. It was little more than a shadow. He knew that it was changed from what it had been, but he did not try to discover in what way. He felt no pleasure nor surprise at meeting her so unexpectedly; all other emotions seemed to be shrivelled up by his fear for himself.

He held her but a second or so. Then he released her, so roughly that she swayed and nearly fell. Before she could recover herself he darted from her into the mist.

No cry followed him, not even the faintest. He ran fast—for a minute. Then he stopped short. The thought of the girl arrested him and nearly drew him back. But then an invisible demon, which seemed perched on his shoulders, urged him on, goading him to run till his heart threatened to burst. He must escape! No thought of anyone should rob him of his liberty.

He ran on and on, until he could run no more. His pace changed into a staggering walk. His heart thumped against his ribs. His face was wet with a dank sweat.

A light flashed on him through the mist. He was sure it was the warders, and endeavoured to pull himself together that he might stand at bay.

But he only toppled forward on his face, and lay motionless.

III.

BRAMBLETON struggled up into a sitting posture, and told himself that there was no time to lose if he wished to escape.

Then something broke on him with a shock. He was no longer on the moor, surrounded by the mist.

He looked about him stupidly, not able to understand anything at once. He remembered the end of his flight, the flashing light, and his fall; but it couldn't have been the warders he had met after all.

"No," muttered Brambleton. "I'm not in prison. That's very evident. But——"

His head was as heavy as lead. His eyes smarted, and there was a queer buzzing in his ears, and a curiously bitter taste in his mouth. He felt confused; he could not get a grip on realities. He closed his eyes and remained quiet for a minute or two in an effort to steady himself.

"No; I'm not in prison," he decided finally. "But——"

His eyes roved about quickly, suspiciously. The fear which had driven him on the moor had vanished during his unconsciousness, but was coming back.

He was lying on a sofa—a big, soft, luxurious sofa—content to slumber for ever. The sofa was placed near a fire in a magnificently furnished room. Thick, heavy curtains were drawn across the windows. The spirit of wealth seemed to impregnate the warm air. But, after his first glance, Brambleton forgot the room.

He was staring down at his hands and his clothes. The red, toil-hardened, coarsened hands with neglected nails had gone. In their stead were two new hands, white and soft. And the convict's garb had vanished also, to be [illegible] by evening dress [illegible] and finish. The diamonds in his cuffs and shirt-front flashed before Brambleton's eyes, as if mocking his perplexity.

He dragged himself from the sofa and went to a big mirror.

The electric light which flooded the room made the glass like a sheet of polished silver. Brambleton looked—and turned sick and giddy. It was a stranger who returned his gaze from the mirror—well-groomed, handsome, with but the faintest ghost of his old self lurking in the corners of his eyes.

"Am I mad or dreaming?" muttered Brambleton.

When he put his hand up to his mouth the figure in the mirror did the same. As he stared blankly the figure in the mirror stared back. It struck him, with a pang of envy, how prosperous and safe this other man was. He had no need to dread being hunted like a dog by warders from a prison.

"Do you know who that is?"

A man had entered the room softly, and was standing beside Brambleton, pointing toward the mirror.

He was an old man, with hard eyes. His features were sharp, his lips thin and relentless. An iron will was visible in every line of his face.

He did not wait for an answer, but went on, as he continued to point at the mirror:

"That man is one who has it in his power to commence a new life on New Year's Day—a new life, with plenty of money, every chance, and freedom. He is the man you can be yourself, if you consent to make a bargain with me, and if you let your past die for ever."

IV.

THERE was not an atom of passion or excitement in the old man's words. They were spoken in a level tone which would have suited the veriest commonplace; but in his voice was an echo of the same harshness which was visible on his face.

"It is not me," Brambleton said dully.

The bitter taste was still in his mouth, but he did not know whether he felt as though he had just awakened from a nightmare or was still in the midst of one.

But when he moved his head again, the man in the mirror imitated the action. The truth forced itself on him at last. He was looking at his own reflection, not as he really was or as he had been, but as some cunning art had changed him into. While he had been unconscious clever fingers had been at work, and had disguised him as thoroughly as if he were destined to play a part in a comedy or tragedy of real life.

But he must have been in a sort of heavy stupor for quite a long time to allow of this being done without his knowledge. How had that happened? The taste in his mouth gave the answer.

He turned on the old man, his eyes ablaze.

"You have been playing a trick on me!" he exclaimed furiously. "You drugged me. What is your motive? Don't forget you are dealing with a desperate man!"

The other laughed harshly.

"I shall believe I am dealing with a fool if you are not careful," he retorted. "If you think I am playing the fool with you, you never made a greater mistake in your life. I am in deadly earnest. I am Marshall Groat."

The name struck a reminiscent cord in Brambleton's brain. He had heard it often enough before his downfall. It was the name of a millionaire, the extent of whose wealth no one except himself could define. He had the power of gold, which gave him the power to do anything which was humanly possible. And he had the reputation of never putting his hand to any scheme or enterprise without pushing it through triumphantly.

"What do you want with me?" the convict asked. He made a gesture to indicate his new clothes and changed appearance. "What did you do this for?"

Marshall Groat motioned him to a small table near the fire. The choicest spirits and cigars were spread out on it. A quiver of sheer pleasure went through Brambleton as he blew a whiff of blue smoke through his lips and watched it floating in the air. He was a born epicure. The prison had been a place of horror to him. He tried to thrust the memory of it from him. The thought of being dragged back to it made him shiver, although the fire was of scorching heat.

The millionaire lit a cigar. "You have been lying unconscious for six hours," he said. "It is after midnight. The New Year has come. You can make it the first year of a new existence if you like."

"It was you who found me on the moor?" the convict asked.

Marshall Groat nodded. "Yes. We will come to that in a minute. First, I wish to explain something else to you. There is no necessity to waste time in beating about the bush. As you know, I am a man with millions of money. The world says I love this money more than anything else on earth. The world is a fool. I have a son."

"Ah!"

Brambleton waited, holding his cigar between his fingers.

"I have a son," repeated the millionaire. He looked at the convict with his hard, cold eyes. "I am going to speak with perfect openness to you, because it is necessary that I should make myself clear to you, and because I am perfectly safe in being candid. We are alone together, no one can hear us. If you ever dared to repeat a word I am saying now, I should deny that I had ever spoken to you, and declare you a liar. Who would believe you against me?"

Brambleton did not answer. He saw that he was not expected to do so. He waited, wondering what was coming next.

"My son, Otto, has been a fool—worse than a fool," went on the old man deliberately. "He has gone so far that he is not safe in England, although the police are not seeking him yet. They would never seek him if he went abroad at once and never returned. By using my money it would be the easiest thing in the world for me to get him away. But, though he is a fool, he is my son, and I am an old man, with not long to live. I do not wish to part from him."

If the hard, old voice faltered in the least Brambleton

wanting a [illegible] fare, get PEARSON'S and read the story [illegible] year."

did not detect it. The old man continued to look at him steadily.

"Do you understand now why I took you in and disguised you?" Marshall Groat asked after a pause. He waved his hand. "You need not speak. I see you guess. I was watching outside my house—which, by the way, stands on the verge of the moor—waiting and watching. I half-expected that my son would come from London. He did not, but you came instead. While you were lying senseless at my feet an idea came to me. I asked myself why you should not take Otto's place. I knew you were an escaped convict, of course, and it struck me that you would be willing to consider any plan that offered you freedom. I have a faithful servant with me, a man named Creyke, who was once an actor. He is as true to me as a dog. With his help I forced between your teeth a drug which I knew would keep you asleep for hours. Then Creyke, employing his knowledge of 'making-up,' we disguised you so that you should resemble my son."

"But it won't last!" Brambleton said.

The old man placed his hand on the table and gazed at him more steadily than ever.

"It will last long enough," he said. "I am making you the offer of your life. If you will take my son's name and go to South America, I will make your escape easy, and give you enough money to make you rich. But if you go, your past must die, and everyone and everything connected with it must be dead to you for ever. You must not risk rousing suspicions by writing to anyone you have known, much less trying to see them."

"And while I am skulking abroad, the police will be thrown off your son's track, and he be safe and unmolested in England?"

There was a flicker of the millionaire's mouth, but whether it was a smile or a snarl Brambleton could not be sure.

"Skulking!" he echoed. "Does a man need to skulk anywhere when he has more money at his command than he can spend? Look round this room. It typifies the life you can go to if you choose. Think of the prison you have escaped from. It is the life you will go back to if you refuse. What is your answer?"

Brambleton sprang to his feet.

"My answer!" he cried. "What else can it be but acceptance? Let my old life die! Let the memory of all connected with it die! Let——"

It was a beating on the glass of one of the windows which interrupted him. It was a French window, flush with a terrace outside. Groat rushed to the window and dragged aside the curtain. Against the pane was pressed a girl's face.

It was Lily's face!

The millionaire threw open the window. The girl made a doubtful, hesitating step into the room, glancing from one man to the other perplexedly. She would not have recognised Brambleton had he not spoken to her impulsively.

"Lily! What is the matter?"

She turned to him wonderingly, her heart on her lips, her eyes full of surprise. She was so tired she could scarcely stand; her clothes were all bedraggled and wet with the mist which had fallen on and soaked into them.

"Is it you?" she said. "I did not know you; but I'm too tired to ask you questions now, and—and there's no time. I've been looking for you for hours, and in the mist I heard a warder say to another that you were believed to have made your way to this house. I came to see if it was true and warn you, and I saw the light shining through the curtains. There's not a minute to waste! Oh, don't you hear me? You must not stand idly there, or they will take you!"

She beat her hands together frantically. Brambleton stood motionless. What was it that had happened to him? Why did he feel so mean? Why was his heart beating faster by far than fear for himself had made it beat on the moor?

"Lily!" he whispered.

It was as if he uttered her name as a spell to help him. He repeated it. As she turned towards him she swayed. She was exhausted, and he had just time to catch her before she fainted. He let her slip to the sofa.

Simultaneously a loud knocking sounded on the front door, echoing through the great house. It announced the coming of the warders.

"Quick!" said Marshall Groat in a voice hissing with suppressed excitement. "Promise to go in my son's place, and I'll protect you from them, and they will never guess who you are. Refuse, and I swear I'll give you up to them! Do you hear me?"

Brambleton heard him. He was bending over Lily.

"May I take her with me?"

"Take her with you!" echoed the old man. "Are you mad? If the girl whom everyone knows as the convict's sweetheart goes with you, how can you pass as my son? The trick would be discovered at once. You must go alone and leave her behind for ever. It's money and freedom—or prison."

The disguised man glanced swiftly round the room. It's luxury and brightness tempted him; the horror of his prison had never been so strong within him. Then he had looked down at the girl.

She was not really pretty any more; all she had gone through for him had made her beauty fade before its time. But she had been true to him when all the world had turned from him.

He kissed her, and whispered to her, though she could not hear him, and himself went to open the door for the men who had come for him, and told them who he was. The dawn quivered into greyness as they led him back across the moor.

It was the First Day. He was to spend it in prison—that day and many more. But the demon of selfishness who had ridden on his shoulders was thrown off his perch.

And he had whispered a promise that he would be patient, and he knew that Lily would wait until the prison gates should open at last to set him free before it was too late to pay the debt he owed her.

TRANSFORMATION SCENES IN MY LIFE.

By Four Public Favourites.

Mr. MARK HAMBOURG

(The great musician).

IT seems to me that my life is one long series of transformation scenes. From year to year I find myself in different countries all over the face of the earth. To-day I may be sitting snugly at home in London, to-morrow I am on the sea, and in a month at the other end of the world, playing to people, whose country is new and strange to me.

However, this ever-changing life of mine is not without its compensations, for no man could travel so constantly and so widely as I do without deriving benefits therefrom. To travel is to enlarge the mind, and it is for this reason that I enjoy my tours quite apart from their musical side.

Apart, however, from the transformation scenes of travel, my life has brought me many changes. In my young days I played in public as a "prodigy." Then I gave up public performances altogether, and studied on the Continent. After this I made my "grown-up" *début* at Vienna, and returned to England to play in public once more.

So, you see, there were three entire transformations one after the other. But perhaps the greatest and best transformation scene of all was when, last spring, I ceased to be a bachelor and became a Benedick.

Mark Hambourg

Mr. CHARLES HARRISON

(The brilliant black-and-white artist, whose delightful comic drawings are so justly popular).

SCENE I.—A small boy—myself, of course—playing in pantomime and regular plays, his people being interested in a theatre in the East End.

Scene II.—The same small boy, now a youth, in the "soft, dry goods" business in the City, work that is most uncongenial, and for which I have not the slightest aptitude. Most of my time is spent in making caricatures of my principals, although at this period I have no particular thought of ever becoming an artist.

Scene III.—I am back on the stage, playing all over the country, mainly in lurid melodramas. I see a good deal of the "seamy side" of theatrical life, and have "hard-up" experiences, which seem funnier to me now than they did then. Remember with particular delight a performance of *Macbeth*, in which "Mac," having been to the Derby and backed the winner, comes on the stage in a more or less hilarious condition, and eventually makes a highly dramatic exit by falling through the back cloth, in which he becomes inextricably entangled, so much so that the curtain has to be lowered. N.B.—I was not Macbeth.

Scene IV.—I am in the North of London, illustrating and writing the greater part of the original *Moonshine*, which was eventually bought by a City gentleman.

Scene V.—I am lucky enough to attract the notice of George Augustus Sala, and, thanks to him, begin to find my artistic feet. Am also greatly helped by Mr. James Henderson, the founder and proprietor of SCRAPS and other journals, who gives me much-needed encouragement.

Scene VI., and last.—The small boy grown into a family man, earning the wherewithal to live by hatching jokes for the great B.P.

Harrison

Miss COMPTON (Mrs. R. C. Carton)

(One of our most delightful and accomplished actresses, and well-known as the "leading lady" in most of her husband's brilliant plays, among which may be mentioned "Wheels Within Wheels," "Lord and Lady Algy," "Lady Hunstworth's Experiment," and "Mr. Hopkinson").

ALTHOUGH, during the two seasons I was in pantomime as a girl, I witnessed many "transformation scenes," there is only one in my own career that seems to me worth talking about. This was when my luck failed, and I began to fear that my then brief stage career was already at an end.

After playing the Princess in *The Great Pink Pearl*, I could not get a part, or, at least, not a part that suited me, and, as I say, the outlook was most unpromising. However, my husband wrote *A White Elephant*, and with the successful production of that play my troubles were at an end.

But it was a horrid time whilst it lasted, and the "transformation" was, therefore, all the more welcome when it came, as it was bound to come. For that is one good thing about bad luck—it can't last for ever.

And, provided the spell of misfortune which none can hope to escape comes to you young, as it did in my case, perhaps it is rather a blessing in disguise than otherwise. For there is nothing like adversity for teaching one to appreciate prosperity. Moreover, when luck does knock at one's door, one should take care to be at home—some of us may be worth our salt, but none of us can afford to upset the salt cellar.

Katharine Carton

Mr. GEORGE GIDDENS

(The famous comedian, who has recently returned to London from a very successful tour in America).

THERE have been many "transformation scenes" in my life since the day when, eight years old, having run away from home along with another boy, I was "lost" in London till found by the police, and taken to the workhouse, where, as a matter of fact, I was very well treated. And, as a youngster, I took part in many "transformation scenes" in the pantomimes, in which I played all sorts of parts, from "apples" to Demon Kings.

But there is one transformation that stands out above all others, and that the wonderful change wrought in my life by my conversion to Christian Science.

I cannot adequately tell you all that Christian Science has done for me, and also for my wife in the way of giving us health and happiness. I can only say that it has made a new man of me.

Geo. Giddens

"How on earth has Maulstick managed to get his rot hung on the line?"

"Why, look at the title of the picture, old man—'Washing Day.'"

A COOK has been going round a station in the South of India with the following reference, and is somewhat surprised that he is not engaged: "Abdul has been my cook for three months; it seems much longer. He leaves on account of ill-health—my ill-health."

FIRST NIGHT NERVOUSNESS.

AT evening service in a provincial church there was a new hymn rendered by the choir. When the congregation had been dismissed, the organ-blower, a conscientious old man long in the service of the church, sought out a member of the choir, saying:

"How did the new hymn seem to be received this evening?"

"Very nicely, indeed. Why do you ask?"

"Oh, nothin'," replied the man, "only I was a little nervous and worried. I've never blowed for that hymn before."

As small Tommy was about to climb into his chair at the dinner table his mother said: "Are your hands clean, dear?"

"Course they are," answered Tommy. "If you don't believe it look at the towel."

ONE beggar was coming out of a house when another met him at the garden gate, and asked what the chances were.

"It is not worth while knocking here," was the answer. "The people have nothing to spare. I have just had a peep through the window, and saw the ladies playing on one piano."

A QUESTION OF GENDER.

"WHAT is the gender of the noun 'egg'?" asked the teacher of a class.

It was evidently a puzzle, for child after child did not attempt to answer. At last one boy, who evidently believed it was a catch question, replied:

"You can't tell till it's hatched."

[This anecdote is taken from the January number of THE NOVEL MAGAZINE, in which prizes are offered for the best funny stories of teachers and their charges. Full particulars of the competition will be found in the magazine which is now on sale and contains twenty-six complete tales. Price fourpence only].

The War Office are trying Major Fitzgerald's novel gun—you try Pearson's NOVEL MAGAZINE.

QUIPS AND JESTLETS.

HARD LUCK.

SHE was a poor little creature of the slums, scarcely old enough to lisp her own name, but yet with a knowledge of sorrow which more fortunate beings go through life without experiencing.

One of the noble women whose mission it is to bring a little sunshine into such lives as that of Tiny Hopkins took her recently, with a party of others, to a menagerie, and a touch of pathos and grim humour occurred when they reached the monkey-house. Tiny walked soberly with the party till they came to a large cage which held a chimpanzee. Here she stopped for a moment, then turned away with a sigh.

"Poor daddy!" she sighed. "In prison again!"

"JOHN," said Maud, "do you know the height of sweetness?"

"Well!" said John, sizing her up, "I should say about 5ft. 4in."

That was the beginning of the engagement.

SYDNEY: "How do the Uppercutz look on their motor-car?"

Rodney: "Oh, much like other people. He looks desperate and determined, and she looks distressed and depressed."

EXTRACT from a letter written at college: "I am much rejoiced, dearest uncle, that you are coming to visit me next Monday. I will be at the station to meet the train. As we haven't seen each other for a long time, hold a five-pound note in your right hand, so that I may easily recognise you."

KNEW HE'D KILLED SOMETHING.

A CERTAIN young gentleman, an amateur sportsman, went to the Highlands for a "shoot." One day, with rather a white face, he called the keeper to him, and said, "I say, keeper, are all your beaters here? Do you mind counting them?"

"Vera weel, sir," replied the keeper, and whistled to his men.

"Yes, they're all here," he continued, after counting them.

"Are you quite sure?" said the sportsman anxiously.

"Yes, sir. Ah'm certain."

The gentleman heaved a sigh of relief. "All right," said he, "then behind that rock down there *you'll find a dead roebuck!*"

MRS. HENPECK: "Her husband simply won't listen to her!"

Henpeck: "How on earth does the lucky fellow manage it?"

"IT is strange how some people cry at weddings."

"Yes, but you've probably noticed that it's never the single people who cry!"

"Well?"

"It is only the married ones, who realise the tragedy of it!"

"How do you account for the fact," asked the doctor, "as shown by actual investigation, that thirty-two out of every hundred criminals in the country are left-handed?"

"That's easily accounted for," said the professor. "The other sixty-eight are right-handed."

THE UNHAPPY FATHER.

HE entered the shop hurriedly. Those whom he passed at the door heard him repeating under his breath a formula which he seemed to fear might slip away and be lost.

He approached the counter like one who wishes it were well over.

"I wish to get," he said boldly, "some ribbon for red baby."

The shop-girl's blank stare seemed to arouse him to a sense of something lacking.

"That is," he said, "I would like some baby for a red ribbed one."

The assistant was smiling now, and four others, a shopwalker, and seven customers, gathered and grinned in unison.

He began again: "That is—of course, you know. I mean some red ribbed baby for one—that is—some red ribs for one baby—oh, hang it! where's the way out?" He departed with speed.

"I wonder," said the shop-girl, thoughtfully, about an hour afterwards, "if he could have wanted some red baby ribbon."

THE FRONT DOOR.

HE was one of the ignoble army of turnpike travellers, and he was a rather timid specimen of the fraternity. One day on his peregrinations he espied a likely-looking residence, and with fear at his heart and water oozing in at his boots he proceeded to test the owner's charity.

After wandering round for some time he approached the back door. A fierce gentleman with a military air answered to his knock.

"I've been at the front, sir, and——"

"Haw! Er, have you my man. And were you wounded?"

"No, governor," whined the mendicant. "I couldn't make no one 'ear so I comes round to the back."

CRAWFORD: "While your wife is away in the country why do you always send her such small sums at a time?"

Crabshaw: "If I didn't she might use the money to come home unexpectedly."

ART MASTER (pointing to a lean horse): "What do you call that?"

Cabby: "An 'orse, sir."

Art Master: "A horse! Rub it out, and do it again."

STARVATION THWARTED.

THEIR's had been a love-match pure and simple—in fact, they had eloped, and flinty-hearted parents had proved obdurate. Therefore they had nothing to live on but love, and they grew thin on it. At last starvation stared them in the face.

"Oh, George," wailed the young wife, "what shall we do? I am so hungry!"

"Alas! I know not, darling!" he sighed fondly but sadly toying with her luxuriant tresses.

"But I know, George!" she suddenly exclaimed, after a pause. "I will sell my hair!"

"What!" he almost shouted. "Barter those golden locks for base dross? Have them cut off by a soulless barber? Never—never! I will starve first!"

"But, George," she assured him, "they do not require cutting off. See!" And she detached the glistening three-guinea switch from her head and laid it in his hand.

That night the young couple supped luxuriously; but still he was not happy.

YOUNG MAN: "What do you think of Brown?"

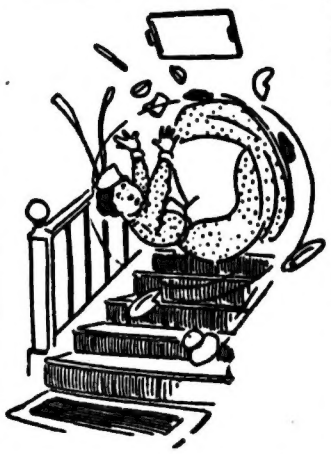
Indignant Old Gentleman: "Brown, sir, he is one of those people that smack you on the back before your face and hit you in the eye behind your back. Ugh!"

WATCHMAN (discovering a burglar in the act of opening a bank safe): "Hold on! What are you doing there?"

Burglar: "Don't make such a row, old man. I only want to see if my deposit is all right. Nobody can trust his banker nowadays."

ACCOMPLISHED AT FALLING.

SHE was willing, and though she could not be described as graceful, Mrs. Binks, knowing the difficulty of obtaining servants, thought that a small drawback. And after a month's training Bridget had improved so much that Mrs. Binks thought she might venture to give a little dinner party.



For the first two courses all went well. Bridget refrained from speech, and looked as pretty as a young Irish girl can. But in taking the fish downstairs her foot slipped, there was a series of bumps and crashes, and all the guests did their best to look as if they thought nothing unusual was happening.

There was dead silence in the room, however, when the descent was completed, and no one lost a word of the rich Irish brogue which floated up to the dining-room.

"Did you hear me, mum?" she cried exultantly. "Arrah, I fell all the way downstairs, and landed on me feet loike a burrd!"

SHE WAS ANXIOUS.

"BEG your pardon, sir, but could you tell me what's hupset King Hedward this morning?" inquired an old dame anxiously of a gentleman who had just managed to enter the train as it started from one of the local stations on the East Coast Railway.

"Nothing that I'm aware of," he replied, after regaining his breath. "But what makes you ask such a question?"

"Why, sir, at the last station the porter was a-hollerin' hout at the top of 'is voice 'King's Cross! King's Cross!' an' I was afraid that p'raps he'd missed 'is train or somethin' o' the loike."

"CAN'T you wait a year before marrying my daughter?"

"I can; but my creditors can't."

WHY TROUBLE?

A CERTAIN respected citizen named Mr. Carr had occasion to call at the house of a neighbour late at night. He rang the door bell. After a long wait a head was poked out of a second floor window.

"Who's there?" asked a voice.

"Mr. Carr," was the reply.

"Well," said the voice as the window banged down, "what do I care if you missed a car? Why don't you walk and not wake up people to tell them about it?"

"ARE you in favour of clubs for women?" asked the woman with the square chin.

"Yes," answered the old bachelor. "Clubs, sandbags, or any old thing."

HIS WARNING.

THERE was great excitement on the banks of the River Mudstream, for an unfortunate man had fallen into the water and was in great difficulties. His cries brought the people from some neighbouring cottages to the rescue.

One man ran his hardest towards the river, and as he

threw off his hat and coat as he ran, it was evident he intended plunging in to save the struggling man.

A more belated individual also ran in the wake of the first, but it was apparent from his shouts that his first anxiety was not for the man in the water.

"Take that weskit off, too, Bill Smith!" yelled the tardier of the two runners. "You jump in with my weskit on, an' you'll never get the loan of it again!"

"HE married money, didn't he?"

"No. He thought he was marrying money, but he merely married something else that talks!"

AVARICIOUS.

A WEALTHY gentleman has a coachman who recently took unto himself a wife. A week or two later the master asked the man how they were getting on.

"Oh," replied the bridegroom, "my wife thinks money grows on trees. All the time she keeps pesterin' me for some change. If it ain't half-a-crown, it's a shilling or less she wants."

"What on earth does she do with the money?" said the gentleman in surprise.

"I dunno," was the reply. "Haven't never give her none yet."

"Do you think your dad would say anything if I told him we were going to be married?"

"I don't know, but I fancy he'd say something if you told him we weren't."

NICELY COLOURED.

IN a field the artist sat, making a study of a picturesque clump of trees. By his side stood an inquisitive intruder, who muttered under his breath and curiously watched the operation. At last the artist could stand it no longer.

"You oaf!" he exclaimed. "You loutish clod-hopper! Don't you know better than to stand there annoying me? What possible interest can you take in what I am doing?"

"Bless me," cried the man, "don't get excited! I meant no harm; but I never in all my life, sir, saw an artist painting two pictures at once!"

"Two pictures!" exclaimed the paint smudger, bewildered.

"Yes!" replied the onlooker; "and I'm blessed if I don't like the one you've got your thumb through the better of the two!" And he pointed to the great palette, smeared with every conceivable tint, that the artist held in his left hand.

Edge, Dillon, Sandow, Gunner Moir, and many others tell to PEARSON'S MAGAZINE readers how they each contrive to keep so well.

(Continued from page One.)

...wn, M., St. Peter's Rd., Le'ster.
...wn, R. H., Greenwich.
...wning, W., Eaglesham, Gl'w.
...ce, B., Lochee, Dundee.
...ant, J., Southsea, Hants.
...hanan, A., Olton, B'ham.
..., W. H. A., Hastington.
...lard, A., Norwich.
...leigh, J. O., Hastings.
...nham, Miss E., Eastbourne.
...ns, Miss L., Portsmouth.
..., W. J., Corstorphine.
...hell, J., Tonbridge.
...lers, R., Bury St. Edmunds.
...ater, P., Holloway Rd., N.

C

...nkead, Mrs. D., Saltcoats.
...doleugh, F. M., B'p Auckland.
...der, A. H., Mt. Pleasant, E.C.
...lander, A., Glasgow.
...mpbell, Mrs., Greenock.
...mpbell, A. F., St. James's Pk.
...mpbell, O., Bray, Ireland.
...non, Mrs., Newport, Mon.
...dew, Capt., Woking.
...leton, A. E. M., jun., Belfast.
...michael, G. B., Dundee.
...nduff, R., Cathcart.
...ter, Miss D., Finsbury Pk.
...dell, W., South Hackney.
...thorn, E. C., Wimbledon.
...ti, C. G., Birmingham.
...apman, A. M., Canton, C'diff.
...apman, S., Gt. Yarmouth.
...eseman, C. H., Hornsey.
...mball, J. W., Totnes.
...lton, H. B., Balham Hill.
...gue, W. A., Birkenhead.
...rence, F., Putney.
...land, G., Kilburn.
...verly, E., Gloucester.
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...cutt, T. H. P., Charlton.
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...e, W. P., Portsmouth.
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...lledge, W., Bedworth.
...llins, W. A., Wickham Gdns.
...ombs, J. F. M., Brighton.
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...nder, C. E., Forest Hill.
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...ok, J., Boston, Lincs.
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...oper, Mrs., Twickenham.
...oper, W. S., Balham.
...wley, J., Sheffield.
..., D. M. R., Wanstead Park.
..., F., Paternoster Row.
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..., Mrs., Bramshill Gdns., N.W.
...btree, F., Foot, Yorks.
...ighead, Mrs. P. M., Jarrow.
...il, Mrs. L., Aldershot.
...nkshaw, Mrs., Clapham Com.
...wford, A. W., E. Dulwich.
...wford, R., Glasgow.
...wley, M. R., Luton.
...tchinson, W. T., Highgate.
...okes, J., Dussbury St., Hull.
...ess, L., Miss, Taunton.
...nningham, J. G., Edinburgh.
...rry, C., Old Kent Rd.
...rry, R., Fenchurch St.

D

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...niel, Miss L., Newcastle, Staffs.
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...shwood, R. R., Southsea.
...vies, E., Cardiff.
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...vis, Miss G., Brentwood.
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...ke, A., Watford.
..., A., Harringay.
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...ond, Mrs., Heath & Reach, Beds.
...ncan, J., Govan.
...kerley, T., Ulverstone.
...ward, J. M., Barnstaple.
...on, J. N., Ealing.

E

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...ten, G. S., Felton.

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Evans, J. W., Liverpool.
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Everitt, H. C., Clapton.

F

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Fairs, A., Worthing.
[illegible], Washington, D'h'm.
[illegible]
Fowler, C. [illegible], Portsm'th.
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Francis, F., [illegible], Bristol.
Franklin, F., Plymouth.
Franklin, L.-Sgt. F. W., Dover.
Fraser, J. E., Munlochy, N.B.
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Fullwood, F. H., Walsall.

G

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Gunning, Mrs., New Cross Rd.

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Hawkins, F. J., Southend-on-Sea.
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Hayes, S., Hanley, Staffs.
Hearn, F. E., Staines, Middx.
[illegible], Liverpool.
Henderson, E. J., Brockley.
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Henderson, W., [illegible], N'castle.
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Hill, W. D., Lancaster Av., M'ter.
Hills, T., Gosport, Hants.
Hills, T. H., Southwark St., S.E.
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Howell, J. W., Willesden Green.
Hudson, Mrs., Brighton.
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Hunt, Mrs., N. Kensington.
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Hunter, T. C., Greenock.
Hutchinson, F. O., Briton Ferry.
Huxley, W. G., Harlesden.
Huxtable, A., Barnstaple.

I

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Isdell, F., Junction Rd., N.W.
Isaacs, Mrs., Lime Gr., Bath.

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Jackson, F., Erdington, B'ham.
James, D., Maida Vale.
James, F. H., Catford.
James, G., Portsmouth.
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James, Miss M., Dowlais.
Jameson, J., Newcastle-on-Tyne.
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[illegible], E. T., Finsbury Pk.
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Jeffs, Miss, Ladbroke.
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Jones, T., Bradford.
Joynes, W. J., Weymouth.
Julian, Mrs., So. Norwood.
Junor, W., Inverness.
Jupp, G. H., jnr., Chiswick.

K

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Kavanagh, T. A., Listowel.
Kay, O. D., Leyton, E.
Keene, Mrs., Ruskin Rd., Hove.
Kedman, L., Exchange St., M'ter.
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Kempster, H., Ilford.
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Kerr, H. D., Hampden St., N.W.
Kerr, J., Belfast.
Kerr, J. G., Newport, Mon.
Kettlewell, Rev. F. A., Banff.
Kidd, D. B., Alyth, Perths.
[illegible], H. H., Hendon.
[illegible], Manor Pk.
King, [illegible], Caledonian Rd., N.
King, [illegible] W., Larkfield, Kent.
King, [illegible] W., Albion St., Hull.
Kirby, Mrs. [illegible], Wakefield.
Kirkby, W., Leicester.
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Knight, H. S., Wood Green.
Knight, Miss, Bolton.
Knight, E., Tooting.
Knight, W. H., Basingstoke.
Knox, W., Eastbourne.

L

Laing, J., Batley.
Lake, H. J., Ipswich.
Lambert, [illegible], Armley, Leeds.
Lane, F. A., Spondon, Derby.
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Laws, B., Thornaby-on-Tees.
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Leaver, F. A., Tooting.
Lee, E., Limehouse.
Lee, H. G., Leytonstone.
Leitch, J., Greenock.
Lendrum-Ainslie, R., Selkirk.
Lester, F. C., Wolverhampton.
Lewson, P., Hereford.
Lewes, Miss, Colchester.
Lewey, G., Wood Green.
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Lewis, E., Aberavon, Glam.
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Limpus, Miss M., Newton Abbott.
Littler, Miss B., Crewe.
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Lockhart, W., Cambridge.
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Lockwood, W., Bolton.
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Luscombe, J. T., Upper Clapton.
Lynex, Miss E., Wylde Green.

M

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McCulloch, E., Port Glasgow.
McCulloch, J., Bridgeton, Gl'w.
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MacDonald, R. N., W. Brompton.
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McGibbon, Cpl., Pembroke Dock.
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Meservy, F. G., Stockton.
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Metzler, Miss, Corbridge-on-Tyne.
Meyers, W., Billiter Sq. Bldgs.
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Molloy, J. S., Drumcondra, Dub.
Monaghan, P., Rutherglen.
Moncrieff, Miss, N'cast'e-u.-Lyme.
Monk, T. K. C., Winchmore Hill.
Moodie, J., Dunfermline.
Moon, H. E., Reading.
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